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Poetry.

For the BLADE.

WAITING.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

Love, I am waiting for you,
Here in the moonlight, that falleth so stilly
On velvety pansy and white throated lily,
And heliotrope heavy with dew;
Here, in the shelter of vines trailing lowly,
Here through the scented hours passing so slowly.
Under the sky's fretted blue,
Love, I am waiting for you.

Love, I've been dreaming of you,
While Day's red battle flags flaunted and quivered
Across the gray East, where Night's sentinels shivered,
And quailed, and all vanquished withdrew
In the still noon hush so heavy and breathless,
And under the sunset so brief, yet so deathless,
So old, so eternally new,
Love, I've been dreaming of you.

Dear love, I hunger for you!
All my life's need's cling like wild vines about you;
All its high aims seem so aimless without you;
All its gains meager and few!
I have bowed low at the altar of Duty,
Wept at its sternness, been glad at its beauty;
Broken my idols and scattered their ashes;
Trodden new pathways by strange lightning flashes;
And I have thanked God for my trials and crosses,
Finding the rugged rocks softened by mosses,
Yet, while to him I was true,
Love, I have hungered for you!

My love, I am longing for you!
When will you come with your tender caresses,
Hushing my plaints with your passionate kisses?
Come to me, tender and true!
Life is so sweet when you clasp me and hold me;
I am so safe when your strong arms enfold me!
Come, as my liege lord, I'm waiting to own you
Come as my king, for I wait to enthrone you!
Kingly, and tender, and true,
My love, I am longing for you!

ADA, Ohio.

Original Story.

For the BLADE.

WAS.

A Story of Western College Life.

BY G. NEWELL LOVEJOY.

Among his class mates he was simply known as Was; a sobriquet derived from the term Wasson. And I shall choose rather to call him by this same appellation, than by his real name, for to me, at least, the former designation has ever sounded the more euphonious.

"Hugh Wasson, Marquette." As such had he been matriculated on entering the Law Department of the University, during the autumn of 1863. In stature he was considerably more than six feet, and of very large frame. In short, I unhesitatingly declare—without going into a more minute description of our friend's *contour*—that he was certainly the homeliest specimen of a man that had ever made his presence manifest upon the college campus.

For many years previous to his going to college he had worked in the mines, and perhaps might have done so to this day had not a certain backwoods lawyer (whose name, for pure friendship's sake, I desire not to mention,) who had come to town to defend an old miner in a breach of promise case, urged in his *able* argument before the jury (the latter, by the by, being composed entirely of *honest* miners,) the absolute necessity of their obtaining at least a theoretical knowledge of law, in order that they might be enabled thereafter to keep clear of its rude embraces, and not put themselves in the embarrassing position of his poor and unlearned client then on trial for the alleged offense of promising to marry a certain young widow and not fulfilling his part of the said contract.

Of course the counsel did not neglect to declare that his old *Alma Mater*, at Ann Arbor presented the best inducements for the thorough acquirement of that profession in which he was so bright an ornament.

Our young friend—I say young, for he was scarcely more that twenty-one years of age, though he looked much older—had been an interested attendant upon the whole trial, and seems to have caught the spark intended to fire the hearts of the *grave twelve*; for on the very next steamer which left for the City of the Straits, he had taken passage, bound for the Western Harvard, there to become fashioned and finished into a devoted fellower of the immortal Blackstone.

And there, in old Washtenaw's county seat, he had been for nearly eighteen months—inclusive of the summer vacation, which he spent in laboring on Dr. C——'s farm, located just outside the city limits, occupying his time out of lecture hours either attending moot courts, or at his room in the 5th ward pondering the pages of some legal text book; avoiding society, with the exception of interchanging calls with Henshaw, Roundabout and Spoutbery who, in connection with himself, formed the humblest membership of the class of 1864.

The Fall and Winter months had passed away, and a new season was commencing to unfold its existence. The days were dreary, however, yet faint glimpses of spring, as it is when fully developed, might have been seen at times, and at such happy manifestations of nature, though feeble, the soul of man rejoiced. The law course was about to close. In a fortnight's time the final examination of the senior class was to occur, and those of its members who should have passed the ordeal successfully were to go forth into the world in the performance of their one mission, to wit: that of adjusting the variances between man and his fellow.

One dark morning, just as the sun was beginning to show its dazzling form over the rugged hill-tops, that stretched for miles along the eastern boundary of the town, its early beams imparting a glow to the wet and decayed herbage of the old year's growth; and the gray fog which had settled down upon the house during the previous night, was scattering its misty elements over the city, which lay spread out over the plateau bordering on the river's valley,—three individuals were seen hurrying along the wide street, leading up through the Dog Way, from the Lower to the Upper Town, each countenance wearing a mingled expression of indignation and anxiety.

Their course was toward the campus, which they soon entered, and going to the rear of the gloomy chapel, one of the trio eagerly grasped a rope that hung dangling in the air, and the old summons to prayers and recitations peeled out in a manner never heard before. It was hardly more than seven o'clock, and many a student seated at his breakfast table, or perchance, just leaving his easy couch, was led to wonder as to the cause of the old bell's loud and precipitate tones being heard at such an unwonted hour. But a large number of students, irrespective of department, was pressing around the trio; and mounting a huge box near at hand, one of the latter personages, in a somewhat impetuous style of delivery, thus proceeded to address the expectant crowd.

"Fellow students! An outrage has been committed! One of the members of our noble University, now lies in yonder jail! What has he done that he should be compelled to endure such disgrace? Why, it is too insignificant to speak of were it true. But do you for one moment imagine that our humble friend Was, the humblest member of the College, and I believe the purest in heart, I repeat, do you think he would feloniously take such a thing as Stephens' Pleading and Practice?" And out from the crowd, there arose a loud and prolonged shout of "No." "No indeed." Nor I, gentlemen! Still on this charge—so base and false—Was' is now confined in that inclement jail. I surmise, and I am not the only one who does so, who the individual is that's doing all this sad mischief! I'll mention no name. Twill be learned in time—and then vengeance will no doubt follow! Day after to-morrow has been fixed upon as the time for trial.

And, now, students of the senior class of the Law Department, in order that the victim of this ignominy may not be restrained, even for an hour longer from the enjoyment of that boon so precious to all men, who of you are willing in connection with Henshaw, Roundabout and myself, to act as bail for poor Was. Don't let us permit a class-mate longer to suffer unjust incarceration. In the name of Humanity, and for the glory of the Law Department, let us act like men!"

Quite enough had been said by the speaker to arouse the hearts of his auditors, and at the close of his pointed remarks, a sufficient number of the class eagerly consented, in addition to those already mentioned, to sign the necessary instrument, which was to insure the liberty of the imprisoned.

One thing only remained to do. A committee must be appointed to call upon Was, and inform him of the action of his class-mates. This was done at once, and with their hearty cheers for their unfortunate mate, and their terrible groans for his prosecutor, the meeting was at an end.

When the Committee, immediately after the meeting of the students, called upon Was at the jail, they found him in a cheerful frame of mind, notwithstanding everything around him presented an unwholesome, as well as truly wretched appearance. The great damp wall, with its huge iron gratings at its doors, as well as at its windows; its little rust-covered stove, which gave forth a feeble warmth, and its long tier of cells, looking more like tombs for the reception of the dead. These places for the keeping of the living seemed indeed a fit abode to make the mind of man a receptacle of unhappiness and woe. Still Was seemingly was happy; and as he came out of his gloomy cell, and grasped the hand of each friend, extended to him in kindly greeting, a smile lit up his homely countenance as he uttered these words—language which has became a part of his truly sad history.

"You see, boys, a man must sometimes suffer persecution, though he be just as perfect as Job! That's my own case! I've stole nothin'—and yet it's true!" and seating himself on a rude bench by the stove, he remarked, in a low tone of voice. "T'was a terrible *cool transaction!*"

When the committee, of which Spoutberry was the chairman, made known to Was' the actual purpose of their interview he simply replied: "I'm very much obleeged to you, but it won't go down! I propose remainin' here till my case comes off. I was never in better spirits as now. Why, you see I'm gettin my name afore the public, and isn't that what's called gettin' fame?"

Although the committee urgently pursued the subject, he still continued to resist all overtures toward his release, and after extending to him their heartiest sympathy as well as words of encouragement, they withdrew, leaving him to the tender care of the landlord, who presided over the Brick Hotel, located on North Main street.

It is not known whether or not he continued to exhibit throughout the remaining portion of his imprisonment the same vivacious spirit as characterized his deportment during the interval in which the committee were with him. Perhaps in the solitude of his prisoned apartment, shut out from the world as it were, where none but the Almighty could behold him, he mourned over his unfortunate situation, and lamented the hour he left the place of his nativity, where never suspicion of wrong doing had been visited against him.

Did he think of his old comrades with whom he had so long labored in the mines, and yearn to be with them again, to share in their homely jokes and pastimes? Did he recall his northern home where dwelt a devoted sister, who, since the decease of his aged mother, had become the object of his fondest earthly affection? Did he sigh to be with her as in the days gone by; never more to leave her while life should last, even though a country advocate, with all the *persuasive* eloquence at his command, should urge a fellow mortal to relinquish home and all its endearing ties to learn one of the noblest sciences ever bequeathed to man? All this may have been true. But who would have suspected such a thing, as on the subsequent day, at the appointed hour, in the custody of the well-known sheriff, he appeared before Justice Lombard for trial! Still the same sprightly demeanor, mingled with an air of self-complacency, was apparent on this as on the former occasion; and as he took his seat directly in front of the Justice's table, the sheriff insidiously remarked in a whisper to Prof. C——, that he believed him as innocent as any man livin'! What the sheriff or the friends of the accused might say or believe respecting his innocence was only sentiment, and of course affected not the case as it at present stood. An impartial trial must be had in order to satiate the stern demands of the law.

Twelve men were summoned as the jury, and took their seats at the left of the Justice. They were citizens of the place—well known—and in every sense upright men. Was appeared—as it was generally understood that he would—in his own behalf, against the able District Attorney for the plaintiff. The trial consumed nearly two hour's time, and after a momentary deliberation, the jury returned *an unanimous* verdict of "Not Guilty." How well the defendant acquitted himself on the memorable occasion spoken of, as by his truly pathetic, and logical 'summing up,' he touched the hearts of all present, can best be appreciated by a careful perusal of the columns of the *Wolverein Pilot* of that date, whose racy reporter was an attendant upon the trial.

The verdict of the jury was rendered in strict conformity with the facts of the case; all the evidence going to prove clearly, that the entire affair had had its origin in the plaintiff's desire for revenge, because of being sorely defeated by the defendant in an exciting moot court case; and that Was had purchased the said property of a certain superannuated attorney of the Washtenaw bar, for the extraordinary consideration of $8,00, in asking which, was an act on the part of the vendor, amounting to nothing short of *genuine cheek!*

The case of McLoud vs. Wasson, was now a thing of the past, and its author, through the indignation and wrath of the senior limbs, a refugee from town and village honors. Once more Was was a free man; but though free, he seemed as one whose pathway is filled with an impenetrable gloom, for alas, his once jocund spirit was now broken. The sun at day might shine as brightly as ever—the stars at night twinkle as fondly as in the years of his childhood—and the friends who had stood by him when opprobrium was seeking to embrace him, continue to extend to him the warm hand of sympathy, and also words of hope and cheer; still life, with all its probabilities, grew darker and darker on his vision, as joy in his bosom faded away, like a flower on the approach of Autumn.

Commencement was drawing very near. In three days it would occur. The seniors were making their final preparations for that auspicious hour, when President H—— should present each of them with a document signed and sealed, the same of course, being a sufficient guaranty of their future welfare, and success in the sphere which they had chosen.

It is the noon of night; and a stillness which belongs only to that season when slumber and rest come to gladden the weary, now broods over the lovely little city, where learning, like some bright constellation of the heavens, unbosoms itself to the gaze and admiration of the world. No sound falls on the ear, save the low, monotonous murmuring of the Huron's waters as they pass quickly on their winding way, to mingle with Erie's murky waves; or the occasional barking of some faithful watch dog in the distance, who, startled from his repose by some fancied disturbance, issues from his kennel to warn the imaginary visitor that his presence is not desired at an hour so unseasonable. The whole heavens are studded with countless numbers of scintillating worlds, through which in serene splendor moves the moon, in her course around the globe; and from the north comes a tiny breeze, laden with enough chilliness to prompt Dr. Cabot, as he hastens down Detroit street, to shrug his broad shoulders, and soliloquize on the injustice of leaving a warm bed for the night air of spring, without the protection of an over-coat. Let us follow the good Dr. on his way, and ere he arrive at his destination, listen, as he discourses to himself in language like this, for when awake, whether in company or alone, his brain and tongue are always employed. "Poor Was! It is indeed fearful, that he has—through exposure in that horrid old jail—contracted a malady, which may, if not speedily arrested, prove fatal? Let me see. The messenger says that he suffers terribly from pains in his right side—is much put to it, at times, for breath! Has a cough, with chills and fever! Oh! Lord, can it be possible? Yes! those are the precise symptoms of that awful disease. I fear 'twill go hard with him, for since his trial he's looked poorly enough. Right glad am I that he succeeded in proving his complete innocence; for a more honest soul than he never lived. I must try and save him; but in case I fail in my efforts, and he dies, that vile McLoud ought to be brought out and tried for *murder!*

Stamping the walk with great violence, the same being the result of much indignation at the treatment Was had received, the Dr. is suddenly aroused from his deep abstractions, to find himself on Wall street, at the foot of the stairs, leading up to the room occupied by the poor sick student. Making their ascent, without rapping at the door, he enters the chamber, and quietly advances toward the bedside of the sufferer. He asks him a few brief questions—takes within his own hand the feverish pulse, and holding it for a few seconds, lays it down tenderly, and with a half suffused sigh shakes his head. Long experience as a successful medical practitioner, has enabled him, ere he has seen his patient, on learning his condition, to divine his illness. He is not mistaken; the disease is *Typhoid Pneumonia!*

The three, whose friendship for Was has been from the beginning like a spring that is pure and quenchless, all present and with breathless expectancy are awaiting to hear what the Doctor has to say. But he utters no word, as he stands motionless, gazing on the crimson face before him. Presently, in a low and faltering voice, that sounds as it from the tomb, its tones sending a thrill of horror to each one grouped around the sick couch, Was' thus speaks: "Doctor! I b'lieve that that old jail, was too much for me after all, as since my trial, I've been g-o-i-n' down completely! Oh! 'T was too bad that affair! I can see it now! I can see it now! I didn't once, though! I forgive Mac! It's all right, twixt him, and me now! Doctor! My constitution has been undermined, and like dosen't seem as it used to some how! Its no longer full of bright spots! Why is it so? I I'm goin' home pretty soon I reckon! 'Twon't be long! No! not long! Look you! Don't you see see there standin' waitin'? She'o wait in for me—m-o-t-h-e-r! And I—I'm g-o-i-n—"

It was commencement day; but not a joyous one to the graduating class. Even Nature wore a sombre expression, which impelled one to fancy that she was in sympathy with the many hearts made sad by reason of the sorrowful event which had so recently occured; for the sun withheld its benign presence—the heavens were thwarted with dark clouds—and the cold air was freighted with a dampness which made one shrink from contact with it. And tears glistened in many eyes that afternoon, when President H——, in a feeling manner, spoke of the virtuous spirit that went *Home* to its Maker on the night before.

Selected Story.

Running a Time Table.

A BRAKEMAN'S STORY.

I have been a "railroad man" for a great many years—have, as the expression goes, grown grey in the service. I am certain, however, in all my experience, I never saw a road that was the equal of the Valley Air Line upon which I was, at the time of the incident about to be related, a brakeman.

The Valley Air Line was one of those roads that spring up suddenly out of the imaginations of a few men. One cannot say that it sprung from their purses, for if they had the seed to grow anything, it was never put in the Valley. There was, as I can now remember, a capital stock, which was never paid up, a little town and village credit, and a large amount of preferred stock, first and second mortgages, etc. As a result the road was built cheaply, grades were bad, road bed was poor, bridges and culverts were thrown together in the worst possible manner, because the worst was the cheapest. The iron was a light and frail mass, manufactured in England especially for the American market, while the rolling stock had been worn out in services on other roads and sold to the Valley Air Line on credit and long time.

The reader will see from this truthful statement that the Valley was not the safest road for travelers in the country. It was not. Innumerable were the accidents we had, and it is a wonder to me that none of them were serious.—While we had many narrow escapes we still managed through sheer good luck, slow time, and great care, to get on without breaking bones; but I positively assure you that time did not accustom us to the road, and we never ran into the depot at night without feeling thankful that we were alive. When I say we, I mean the conductor, engineer, baggageman, fireman and myself. How the passengers felt I do not know, but I do know they ought to have felt as thankful as the road men that their bones were in good condition to allow them to walk from the depot to their homes. Ignorance may have been perfect bliss to them, however.

The engineer of our train—the Lightning Express—was one of the most sober, careful, thoughtful and industrious men that ever handled a throttle. He possessed more than the ordinary share of thoughtful prudence of his class, and it was owing to this fact that so great a degree of good fortune came to us.

A few moments before the train was to start one morning, Gardiner, the engineer, called me to his cab. He appeared unusually downcast that morning, though at the best he was by no means a "gay" fellow.

"Bob," said Gardiner, after a few second's talk about general matters, "Bob, I want you to be very careful to-day. I know you're a good fellow and always do your duty well; but to-day I want you to do more. I want you to stand by your brake every second of the trip—not to leave it for a moment, and when I signal I want you to set them up as you never did before, and promptly, too. I know you will do it for me, won't you, Bob?"

I was too astonished to speak for a second, and then I asked: "Why, what under the sun is the matter with you, Gardiner? You know the brakes are so nearly worn out that it is impossible to set them up, and you know, too—"

"I know it all, Bob, and that is the reason why I want you to be careful. I am going to try and make the time table to-day; if it is possible I will do so. I feel just as though something was going to happen, and am more than half sorry I promised; but I'll do it, though. Now promise me, Bob, and off to your brakes."

I promised and took my post, not a little mystified at Gardiner's words, looks and actions.

We left the depot and went rattling on over the iron. Passengers looked at each other in surprise and wondered what under the sun was the matter with the Valley—if it had suddenly awakened from its long sleep, and now proposed to be a railroad in earnest.

When the conductor came through the train and came along by me, I asked:

"What is the matter with Gardiner this morning?"

"Oh," was the reply, "he and the old man have had a blow out this morning. You see our train never makes connections—passengers always lay over, and, of course, they growl. This morning the old man called us into the office and the whole thing was out. Gardiner talked like a father to them, and as he grew excited, he said that it was criminal running the road in the condition it was. He told them the time table, as made up, was fast even for a first class road, and if we undertook to run it, a frightful accident could not be avoided." When Gardiner said it was criminal to run the road as it was, Supt. Brown was very hot. He fairly boiled over. He declared that there was no better road in the country, and that Gardiner was a coward who ought to go on a gravel train, and if he didn't make time he'd have him there, too. The road was losing its business and there had got to be a change. Brown also said that in Valley Creek, where he lived, he had noticed that the train always slowed and lost time enough there to lose the connections. Gardiner replied to this, that at the Creek there was a down grade, the bridge was unsafe, and he was obliged to slack up for safety. More than this, the track passed through the play ground of the Creek school, was not fenced in, and they could not go through at a rapid speed without danger to the children.

"Then Brown burst out with an oath, that if parents did not want their children run over, they must keep them off the track. It would be a good thing to run over one or two of them, as it would teach them a lesson. Of course he didn't mean this, but he was "hot" you see, and did not know what he did say. He added that Gardiner's family lived near the track, and that Gardiner's sole reason for slowing was to have a chance to chat with them as he went through. This set Gardiner's anger on fire, and he then and there declared that he would make time, let the consequences be what they might, and if disaster happened, Brown must assume the responsibility. You see he is keeping his word, but the old fellow feels bad, though."

We dashed on over the frail iron at a frightful speed. You could almost hear the bars crackle as we went. The cars surged from east to west, forcing passengers to fairly cling to their seats. Not for a second did I leave my brake.

We were nearly down to Valley Creek on time. As we approached the long stretch of down grade, I felt by the shaking that Gardiner had slackened up, as if the danger were really too great; and then, as his promise had come full upon his mind, had again carefully opened his throttle. Down the Valley we went, our speed startling the birds, the cattle, and even the staid old forest trees into new and strange ideas. I grasped the brake firmly; the engine whistled and screamed, warning all to keep clear of it. I held my breath, well knowing that if we left the track it would be to go to destruction. Suddenly the whistle ceased, and there came three unearthly yells from it; they pierced my ears and then made them ache. How I set up the brakes, for I felt there was danger ahead! I knew this when Gardiner suddenly reversed the engine. The shutting off, the reversing, and the brakes set up so tight that I feared the chains would break, did not seem to have the slightest effect upon the train. On, on it went, at its dangerous rapid speed. I stretched my neck out as far as possible, clinging nervously to the railing. I could see that Brown was at his post, looking out as I did, and moving his head energetically, while whistle and bell were uniting their protest.

What was the matter, I could not conjecture, but was anxious to know. Springing upon the rail, I made my way to the top of the car, and the mystery was revealed. There on the track was a sight that sent a thrill of horror through me. Only a few feet ahead of us on the track, stood a mere child—unconscious of its danger—paralyzed so that it could not move. Just clear of the track lay a woman, evidently helpless. I looked for Gardiner, to see what he was doing ere I closed my eyes to shut out the horrible sight. The poor fellow had not been idle. Plainly seeing that he could not drive the child from the track, and that its companion was helpless, he left his cab and climbed forward on the engine, on the extreme end of the cow-catcher, leaned over, and while clinging with one hand, reached out with the other. There did not seem one chance in a million to save the child—not one—but anxiety overcame horror, and I looked, and shuddered as I looked.

How my heart leaped into my very throat as I saw the train dash on, but saw as it did so, Gardiner, with an almost superhuman effort, raise the child by its arm from the track and clasp it to his bosom. Then he sank down upon the cow-catcher, faint and powerless. His fireman clambered out to his side, and you may rest assured I was not long in getting to their assistance. The unusual noise of the steam had brought out every person in the village to witness the sight, and as they realized it they shouted their joy until their throats must have been hoarse. The fireman and I clung to Gardiner; there was no need to hold the child, for though rigid and helpless, Gardiner held the little one to his breast with an iron grasp. Very soon we crossed the bridge and struck up the grade, where the train slowed and finally came to a full stop, infront of Gardiner's house. With the help of some of the villagers we took by force the child from Gardiner's arms and carried the engineer into the house and laid him on the bed. As he sank down the little life in him seemed to come back, and he whispered: "Whose child is it?"

"Superintendent Brown's," said a neighbor, to my astonishment.

"It is alive and well—thanks to your bravery," I answered, and Gardiner sank back upon his pillow.

The child which Gardiner had so miraculously saved was a son and only child of our Superintendent. It seemed singular that the morning talk of the two men should have so singular an ending, but so it was. The wife of the Superintendent with her only child had been out for a walk. The little one running ahead had strayed upon the track. Hearing the whistle, the mother called the child to her, but the child, happy in its freedom, ran on, laughing and shouting, childlike, into the jaws of danger. It was too much for the mother; she made an effort to save her darling, and before she could overtake the little one, her strength failed her and she fell.

Our engine was injured so that it was impossible to go on, and another was telegraphed for. We tried all we could to bring Gardiner back, but the physician said that the excitement under which the noble fellow had labored had prostrated him, and it would require the greatest care and a long time to bring him back to life. He had that care, you may rest assured.

I was at Gardiner's house when Supt. Brown came in that night. The old man, as we called him, had lost all sign of his anger, and he wept like a child as he looked upon the strong man thus prostrate before him. He visited the patient daily, and his very life seemed to hang upon Gardiner's recovery, and when the danger was passed, the long fever which ensued was broken, and the engineer began to recover, the Supt. was as happy as a child.

I may say in conclusion, that the incident was not without its result, for at once the Valley Road was thoroughly rebuilt in the best possible manner, newly stocked, and is to day one of the best roads in the country, running its trains on time, and giving great delight to the traveling public, thanks to the energy and enterprise of Superintendent Gardiner, a kind-hearted, grey-headed gentleman, who is ranked among the best railroad men in the country. I go down to see him twice a year, and we always talk about the day when he undertook to run his time table and the results thereof.

In our planetary system each orb has a tendency to rush off in a straight line, but the sun holds all to their orbits. The eternal love of God in Christ sweetly binds all holy beings to the grand centre. The glorious Sun, our Savior, draws sinners out of their bonds by the light and love of the Holy Spirit who applies power to their hearts, and then holds them forever by his sweet, divine, omnipotent attraction.

Miscellany.

THE CEREMONY OF ASSASSINATION.

How the Mob Hung the Black Men at Frankfort, Ky.,—A Few Authentic Facts.

From the Louisville Commercial, Aug. 10.

Many rumors have reached us concerning the riot at Frankfort, some charging the negroes with originating it, and others that the Democrats were the first movers in the bloody proceedings. From what we can learn the case ought, and no doubt will, undergo judicial investigation by the United States. The commencement of the riot we propose to leave to the authorities, but the particulars of the hanging of a couple of negroes at the State capital, by a band of masked men, we have gleaned from reliable sources.

On the night of the riot of course the State militia were called out, and patroled the streets of the capital until nearly morning, when, as by a preconcerted plan, they went off duty. A short time after, in front of the Prosecuting Attorney's house—who, by the way, is a Republican—was seen an ominous crowd of masked men, consulting as to the manner in which they should hang the two negroes then lying in jail awaiting the charges of their accusers. In this council of blood it was agreed that the band should separate, and one party should take possession of the court house to prevent the ringing of the bell, the other party to proceed to the front and rear of the jail. Arriving at the jail, the second party went in, and called for Mr. Lawler, the jailer, stating that they had a prisoner whom they wished to place in jail. On Mr. Lawler making his appearance he was immediately surrounded, and the keys of the jail were demanded, which he refused to give up, saying that they would have to hunt for them. This being merely a formula, the keys were soon found, and the blood thirsty band went quickly to the jail where the two negroes were confined. They were taken from their cells and carried to the outskirts, where it had been determined that they should meet their final doom. When the spot had been reached, Harry Johnson, the colored man charged with committing the rape, was placed upon a fence, with a rope around his neck, and the fatal push given. His soul was soon transported to the presence of his Maker, who will judge of the charge made by his accusers, and determine at whose door his death shall lay. Henry Washington was the next victim; with the rope around his neck he was marched up alongside a tree, where one of the leaders threw the rope to an overhanging limb; then came the awful ceremonies of the regularly organized bands that prowl around the State committing deeds of violence. After keeping the poor negro in a state of suspense for a few moments a voice was heard to say, "May the Lord have mercy on your soul," and from a distant part of the crowd, a mocking answer came back, "And the moon rises slowly." At the closing of the last sentence Henry Washington was jerked from his feet into the air, where he remained suspended until the last breath had passed away, and his career for good or evil on earth had been ended. These are the circumstances which actually occurred at the capital of Kentucky. We have received this from a reliable source.

In connection with this affair, we have good authority for believing that a greater number have been killed and wounded than heretofore reported. It is known that two negroes were taken out of the penitentiary road bleeding from their wounds, and also that another is still lying at Ducker farm suffering from a bullet wound. It has also been reported that an undertaker in that city had furnished eight coffins on the day after the riot, four of which could not be accounted for, and from other sources we learn that there are no less than twenty negroes lying in the vicinity of Frankfort suffering from wounds received on the Frankfort "Bloody Monday."

A MIDNIGHT FLIGHT.

The Lovers Who Would Wed—Strange Scenes at the Metropolitan.

From the Cincinnati Chronicle.

Two years ago the fashionable circles of a village not far distant from this city, where exists one of the leading female colleges of the country, were set in a flutter by the advent of Miss Ada McFarland, a lady of surpassing beauty and brilliant accomplishments. Miss McFarland, though at that time but a girl, was developed and educated beyond her age, and, combining Southern beauty with Western wit, became at once a star in the literary and social firmament. The ladies were scared, the beaux delighted, and all were more or less interested. The lady did not appear to notice the sensation her coming had produced, and at once commenced her studies, which were to end with the year. She had previously attended good schools, and had only gone to the larger to have what is familiarly called the "finishing touches" imparted to her education. She did not enter wholly upon the fashionable life which surrounded her, and felt so honored by her presence, though many of her evenings were passed as are the evenings of other lady students. The days sped rapidly, and the year was ended. Miss M. had gotten her diploma, and was at home again. The friends and admirers she left behind were not all satisfied, however. There was one who had taken a deeper interest in the lady, perhaps, than her manner toward him had warranted, and when the time for her going had arrived he had ventured to speak of that stronger feeling than friendship. No stranger was present at the interview, of course, and consequently what transpired is not known, though it is understood that the gentleman's plans for the future did not accord with the lady's views, and that he left her in anger.

This circumstance depressed the spirits of our fair heroine for a time, but once at home, all thoughts of it had disappeared, and the unfortunate lover might not again have been thought of, but for a circumstance which transpired a few months later.

On a certain morning, four months after leaving college, the lady of whom we write, was startled by having her father produce a letter which she had received while in college, but which had mysteriously disappeared before her return home. The letter was scarcely more than a communication which one friend might send to another, though certain allusions to former letters and their contents aroused the father's wrath. The note bore the signature of David C. Rice, a gentleman well known in the neighborhood as an industrious and promising farmer. How the communication got into her parents' hands the lady does not know at the time, though it has since been found that the disappointed lover in the distant village, had mailed it in the hope, perhaps, that the lady being prevented from marrying any one else, there might yet be a chance for him.

Mr. McFarland was a wealthy farmer of Madison county, Kentucky, and was noted in the neighborhood for his gentleness and smoothness of temper, but for some reason he would not entertain the idea of a marriage between his daughter and "young Rice," as he was wont to call him. As many a father before him had done, at that moment he drew a line between the couple, and forbade either to cross it. Since that time the lovers have met only at rare intervals, and generally, even then, under circumstances of the most unpleasant character. At last, it being plain that the father would not relent, the lovers decided to come secretly to this city and have the matrimonial knot well tied before their absence should be discovered. Consequently on Thursday morning last the early train carried the couple, accompanied by a cousin of the gentleman, away from that station. Through various delays the party did not reach the city until 11 o'clock in the evening. According to previous arrangements, however, they proceeded to the Metropolitan Hotel, where parlors were awaiting them. The lady being placed in charge of female guests in the house, who had probably been let into the secret, the two gentlemen hurried away to make the necessary arrangements for the ceremony. After other matters had been attended to, the residence of Rev. N. Summerbell was found, and that gentleman consenting to perform the ceremony, was conducted to the hotel in a carriage which had been engaged for that purpose. Arriving there, the young men were surprised to see the parlors brilliantly lighted, and some twenty or thirty ladies and gentlemen, who had gained knowledge of the affair through some means, seated about the room. Although rather preferring fewer onlookers, the couple raised no objection, and as the clock tolled one the minister pronounced David C. Rice and Ada McFarland man and wife.

Intelligence of the affair soon spread through the building, and the guests, who, until now, had been kept in ignorance, came swarming through the halls, but the principal actors in the play had disappeared, and—of course all were disappointed.

A Telling Rebuke to Southern Arrogance.

Hon. B. H. Hill of Georgia, in a recent address before the Alumni of the State University, alluded to the evils which had been brought upon the South by slavery, and, as a consequence, a large part of the Georgian press opened upon him with the most violent denunciations. This led Mr. Hill to write a letter, in which occur the following paragraphs:

With every ingredient more abundant at home, we send to the originally barren North for fertilizers to give life to our originally fertile, now deadened, soil; with the finest ores and exhaustless coal beds peeping at us from our own hill sides, we send North for tools to work our fields; with the richest land on the continent, we send North for bread to feed our children; with the noblest trees that ever lifted their tops towards heaven, if we want a finer church in which to worship, or a more convenient residence in which to live, we send North for the plan, for the architect, and for the builder. We spend millions of dollars sending our children North to be educated, and refuse the smallest pittance for the endowment of universities at home.

Our physicians and surgeons send North for the medicines to heal, and for the tools that secure skill in their delicate art. Our lawyers send North for the books in which to learn the rule of justice for our people. Our preachers send North for commentaries on the Bible to teach their flocks the way of salvation. Our editors send North for type to print their papers; and lawyers, preachers and editors make long speeches, say long prayers, and fill whole columns, thanking God for superior Southern genius, purity, and learning! And our politicians, sh! shades of Demosthenes and Cicero, bend down and hear the matchless periods of true patriotic eloquence. Our politicians strut like condescending Jupiters to the hustings, with Northern hats on their heads, Northern shoes on their feet and Northern coats on their backs, and prove to gaping crowds their unequalled fitness for office, in straining their lungs as the thunder gust doth the yielding clouds with noisy denunciations of Northern weakness and greed, and climatic eulogies on Southern power and independence!

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* records the two following "smart speeches," of children:

A bright little boy, about four years of age, son of a clergyman, was at your correspondent's house one evening, with his parents, and I gave him a couple of five cent pieces. He laid them on the table, and putting his finger on one said: "This one I'm going to give to the heathen, and the other one I'm going to keep myself." He played with them awhile, till finally one of them rolled away and he could not find it. "Well," said I, "my lad, which one have you lost?" "Oh," said he, "I have lost the one I was going to give to the heathen."

A little girl came into my house one day, and some apple parings lay on a plate on the table. After sitting awhile she said:

"I smell apples!"

"Yes," I replied. "I guess you smell those apple parings on the plate."

"No! no!" said she. "Take them I smell; I smell whole apples!"

An important addition to the many practical applications of carbolic acid has lately been made in the United States by using it in the preparation of rubber hose. It is well known that the durability of this article—where hemp or other vegetable fibre is used as a basis—is greatly impaired by the tendency to rot, and a patent has lately been taken out and is being worked with much success, by which the introduction of carbolic acid during the process, imparts much greater durability to the manufactured article.

A curious collection of all the official announcements issued by the Commune during its reign has been got together, and is likely to be placed in the British Museum.

Weekly Toledo Blade.

A. F. MILLER. D. R. LOCKE. J. P. JONES.

MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Proprietors.

TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, AUG. 24, 1871.

DEMOCRAT AGAINST DEMOCRAT.

Democratic literature of the present campaign has its curiosities. The leaders not only disagree with each other but they abuse each other. This state of affairs does not indicate harmonious action. This condition of Democratic feeling suggests a probable incapability on their part of keeping even the slight promises made to the public, and shows in a bad light their assumed ability to carry out certain measures, and their eagerness to acquiesce in others. In no previous campaign have the party secrets been so much exposed, and in no previous campaign have the differences of those who make platforms and who shape the policy of the party been so irreconcilable. This has not shown itself in caucus meetings and committee councils alone, but in open convention, in newspaper articles, and in most direct attacks. In the Democratic State Committee, the EWING men are in the majority, and the McCOOK party charge that their plan is to let the State ticket go by the board, carry the Legislature, and send Gen. MORGAN to the Senate. The McCOOK party have other ideas, and do not propose to be sacrificed. This little difference is as nothing, compared to the storm raised by such men as Colonel CONNELL. This gentleman has written a second letter, this time to the Cincinnati *Commercial*. It is interesting, in that it gives us a Democrat's view and estimate of Democratic leaders—editors as well as speakers. The Colonel opens in the following style:

"And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers."

"I regret to have stirred up a commotion, and was ignorant of the tumult, until I read my own Ohio *Eagle* of last week, and was put upon inquiry, and found myself notorious because I had published my reasons for declining to speak for my party in Ohio, in this, its year of humiliation. I discovered in my *Eagle*, my biographers not of my own selection; among them, our precious trilobite of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, my combustible, flame-caded friend of the Cleveland *Plaindealer*, and whatever hireling Hessian Colonel Nevins now keeps to take the place of "the old wheel horse" who made the Ohio *Statesman* the honored organ of our party in the days of its glory and success.

In their histories of my past life these chroniclers omitted to tell how for years I was an owner and caretaker of that imperial "bird of freedom," the Ohio Eagle, and it is sad to me to notice that the respectable gentlemen who now own the proud old bird, (once cared for by John and Charles Brough, Medill, Pike, Robinson, Tuthill, Roland and others,) having no menial pantuns of their own to give it, permit it to be fed even on the dejections of the man who makes a commode of the Statesman, whereby ex-General Schleich and ex-Treasurer Breslin have not leisure to attend to its wants.

On examination of the stories of my fierce detractors, I was amazed, flattered and confirmed in my own views, when I discovered that the facts stated in my obnoxious letter were not controverted, but that the donkeys who have been kicking at me, and thereby inviting me to recalcitration, deemed an attack upon my invulnerable person of more importance than a denial of that which I published.

There is a faint intimation that McCOOK was nominated, and an intention to mislead the people by appealing to the reported official count at the convention as furnishing the best evidence, which it of course would, if accessible. But Mr. Allen, the fugleman of McCOOK, informed me the record of i had, by carelessness, been burned. The secondary evidence, therefore, found in the production of tally sheets kept by delegates, is all that is left to us.

The rat figure is good. It suggests the whole story of the "tumble" as well as the necessity for the tumble. It is a fine picture of the present status of the Democratic party. Fearing perhaps that his qualities as an artist would not be appreciated by his Democratic friends the Colonel deals also in plain words.—The *Enquirer*, *Plaindealer* and *Statesman*, are characterized in a vigorous style—They are the oracles in the campaign.—The estimate of a firm Democrat, making all due allowances, is useful, as it shows that the convictions of the editors, amount to but little, and that something else is ruling the mouth pieces of the party.

It will be seen that the Colonel still holds to his assertions, and charges his opponents with dodging the issue. He announces himself as standing on the THURMAN platform of 1867, (which shows how mischievous would be the triumph of his wing of the party,) expresses the opinion that the new departure was with VALANDIGHAM "a hastily considered and ill digested measure," and that he lived long enough to lament his hasty conduct and that the "Democratic party lives alone by faith in, and fidelity to, certain dogmas," or, in other words, by faith in the doctrines and dogmas that have controlled the party since its organization.

Faith in these dogmas led to secession and to the action of the party during the war and since the war. These are dangerous doctrines then, and yet it is claimed that the new departure is a mere sham, that the feeling of the party is as it always has been and that next year the "old banner, the old faith, and the old slogan of the party will appear and be sounded in front, cheering the hearts of the true where now only the craven, false white flag of truce and surrender flaunts insult and outrage before the stunned but undaunted and unrecanting hosts of the Democracy."

The policy of both wings of the Democratic committee should be looked after. This difference means business after the manner of a bow with two strings.

This tenacity of CONNELL and the faction which he leads, for old dogmas, indicates what may be the policy if the new departure scheme proves a failure. The man interested in the welfare of the State or Country must see that action in the face of these frantic, desperate plunges of a party abandoning principle, must be as energetic and as careful as when the Democratic party stood on the old line.

The French government is reported to have requested the extradition of communists who have taken refuge on English soil, and the reply of the English Ministry is said to have been a decided refusal.

SO TINKERING WITH THE CURRENCY.

The Democratic party has marked its pathway with financial disaster and ruin through its reckless tinkering and intermeddling with the currency and financial systems established by the government. That party can never let well enough alone. The optimist, who believes that all things are about right as they exist is not always wise or progressive, but the pessimist, who believes that which is to be always wrong, works sad havoc among the more important interests of the country. The Democratic party never has been contented even with its own plans of finance. It never has advocated the same financial policy for ten consecutive years. It originated the high tariff or protective system, and it destroyed it. It set up the United States bank and it overthrew it. It brought the petty bank system into existence, filling the country with its irresponsible and worthless issues, and then rushed to an exclusively metallic currency, as an antidote for the evils it had conjured up by its own banking system. It made paper money a necessity and then legislated against it. It denied the Federal Government the right to issue a national currency for the benefit of the people, but allowed every State to charter as many banks as it pleased and to have as many currencies as there were States. It passed laws making it a misdemeanor to offer the currency of one State in the bounds of another. Under that system brokers' offices became thicker than barber shops in the towns and cities, and and publishing of bank note detectors became the most profitable business in the land. It is notorious that since the inauguration of ABRAHAM LINCOLN in 1861, we have had a safer and more reliable currency, notwithstanding the fluctuations in values inevitable in a state of war, than for forty years before. The management of our finances and our currency in the past ten years has not been absolutely perfect, but it is so much better than we ever had before since the government was founded that the Democratic party has no right to indulge in any adverse criticisms concerning it. A single glance at its own record should seal the lips of its advocates in utter silence, even in regard to our defects. The friends of the Republican party may have the privilege of criticism, but hardly those whose views and plans have been so signally abortive.

In the year 1871, a leading Democratic orator, one of the aspirants for the Ohio Senatorship, proposes the withdrawal of our bonded indebtedness, and the issue of unlimited quantities of paper promises to pay. This is not a new visitor by any means. We have seen its face several times before. We only wonder that a guest upon which the door has been so often and so unceremoniously slammed should find so prominent and so intelligent a politician as Gen. EWING to introduce it to public notice again. Mr. PENDLETON ruined himself once by going in the company of this unwelcome intruder, and we wonder at any intelligent man venturing on a repetition of so disastrous an experiment.

Of all times in the world this is the most untimely to propose an expansion of our paper currency. In both Europe and America there is an unprecedented amount of money seeking investment. The rapid payment of the national debt has forced an hundred millions a year back into the hands of capitalists for re-investment. In three years not less than $250,000,000 of investments have been forced back into the market. The earnings of railways and other incorporations have been large, and the reduction of their indebtedness of course sets free a large amount of money. The gold and silver mines contribute rich accessions every year to the volume of currency. As the premium of gold declines, the precious metals come more into use as currency. There is a limit to the demands of commerce for a medium of exchange. It is the business of the statesman to conform to the demands and conditions of laws and forces which no legislation can control. The mariner adapts his course to the elements, and is not silly enough to attempt to change them to suit himself. The laws of trade may be interrupted by obstacles thrown in their way, as an engine may be thrown off the track by obstructions, but they must run by their own force if they operate at all. The Democratic party proposes to do what it has always had a penchant for—create mischief by interfering with a system of currency and finance which is operating wisely. The proposition to expand the currency is not what the country needs. It needs retrenchment rather just at this time, when so much capital is being released for general uses. Let us give no ear to these currency tinkers. They are mere disturbers who seek occasion to find fault for partisan advancement. Let well enough alone. Let financial changes be made seldom and very cautiously. This we say not because we wish the Republican policy to remain undisturbed, but because we wish to avoid the dire calamities which Democratic tinkering would bring upon the country.

MR. ASHLEY.

It is announced by telegraph that Hon. J. M. ASHLEY has been tendered the appointment of Minister to Brazil, and that the President has become convinced that the removal of Mr. ASALEY from the Governorship of Montana was secured by representations which were not correct,—in other words that the removal was a mistake.

Mr. ASHLEY's long term of service in Congress; his earnestness in the advocating of party measures; his always direct votes on political questions, and his action as Governor of Montana, make a record that will bear comparison with that of any prominent politician of the country, for straightforwardness and earnestness. The action of the President in tendering this appointment with the acknowledgments made in connection therewith, is another proof that the position taken by the BLADE at the time, was the correct one.

☞ Raise a club of Campaign subscribers for the BLADE. Don't delay.

DEMOCRATIC DODGES.

A man who operates without capital is compelled to resort to many plans to prevent people generally from discovering that he is not operating on a sound basis. Artful measures are instituted to lead the observing ones away from weak points, and a great amount of talk is indulged in on the principle of throwing dust in people's eyes. Cool impudence, in such cases, takes the place of principle. The man acts and plans on the assumption that people are easily duped. Because he puts his declarations in oily words, in big colored letters on flaming posters, they must be taken as facts and must impress everybody with the good intentions and strength of the declarer. Like the talker in front of a snake show who tells you about the giant 18 feet high, and does not trouble himself about consequences, so this man puts the great stress on assertion. If one fails, he tries another.

The Democratic party is practicing on this line, and they believe successfully. A few irrepressibles, like Co.. CONNELL and others, spoil the general smoothness of the programme, but still we are assured that it will be carried out.

When the amendments were before the people, Democratic orators talked finance and made an effort to draw voters away from the living issues. These were settled, and were settled because the Republican party, with the spirit that has characterized it since its organization, kept face to face with the questions. The Democratic party acknowledge their defeat. They declare the old issues are outside the pale of discussion. They insist, however, that they are the same party with the same spirit that has controlled them for ten or twenty years.

When the country was called upon to adopt a financial system to meet the extraordinary demands of the times, early in the war, the Democrats opposed the action then taken. When the Republicans modified the system to meet the new situation at the close of the war, the Democrats opposed. When a Republican Administration commenced the reduction of expenses and the payment of the debt, the Democrats ignored facts. It was easy to talk about finance. Money is a tender subject with all men and very early Democratic speakers commenced experimenting in this way. They had to abandon the old theories of the party. The hard money idea was given up and a demand made for an issue of greenbacks on the PENDLETON theory.

Holding that a country cannot long survive with an irredeemable currency, the Republican party has worked toward a specie basis. How carefully and considerately the people know.

Seeing the success of this, seeing how well the measures of the party suited the requirements of the times, seeing how rapidly the public debt was being reduced, seeing how well the public credit was being sustained, and how values were appreciating, and seeing that these facts came before the people as facts, shown in the official statements and prosperity of the country, new theories were invented on the part of the Democrats to draw the people from the consideration of these facts.

If these later theories harmonized, they might assume the dignity of party measures. They do not, and many of them stand as absurdities and contemptible dodges.

Mr. EWING revives the old theory of paying debt with debt. His proposition is in brief, something like this: The country owes about two and a quarter billions of bonded debt, and about four hundred millions of treasury notes or greenbacks. It pays interest on the bonds, but none on the greenbacks. He proposes to take up the bonds by issuing an equal amount of notes, and thus stop the payment of about $130,000,000 a year in interest. This will dispose of the debt, and make money so plenty as to greatly relieve the people.

He saves interest by issuing paper money, which does not call for interest. The people loaned their money to the government and are paid interest. This interest makes the bonds valuable.—Where does his currency theory lead. It certainly suggests the old idea of repudiation.

Another point made by Mr. EWING is that the appreciation of currency has increased the burdens of laboring men. He illustrates by saying, when gold was at the highest rate, a farmer received $2 per bushel for his wheat. Whereas, he now receives $1. The inference is, that the farmer loses the $1 because our currency is worth more, or approximates nearer to the value of gold than years ago. This is absurd. The laborer receives now, as many dollars for his labor as when the currence was depreciated. These dollars, approaching to the value of gold, make his positive earnings much greater, and as the appreciation of currency has not increased prices for the necessaries of life, but has decreased, this dodge to catch the votes of laboring men, is one of the weakest.

☞ *Harper's Weekly* concludes an article on the frauds of the city officials, as follows:

Indeed, up to the time of this writing, the accuracy of the figures published by the *Times* has not been impeached, and those figures incontestably establish the most shameful frauds. The Mayor confesses that the demands were "exorbitant," and the most forcible-feeble of his apologists call the old Board of Supervisors a scandalous nest of corruption. Enormous frauds are thus virtually confessed by the Tammany Ring, which controls the Democratic party of New York, which managed the last National Convention of the party, and which Mr. Tweed—the head of the Ring, the Chairman of the Supervisors' Committee upon the Court House, the chief Sachem of Tammany, the head of the City Department of Public Works by the appointment of the Mayor, and who, without any profession but politics, has become notoriously rich—declares "proposes to carry on a strictly economical Government, and to arrest, if possible, the National Government from the hands of those who now, in our opinion, are betraying it." And a very pretty economical Government the Tammany Ring would make of it!

That there are the most honorable men in the Democratic Party in this City and State, as elsewhere, needs not to be said. But the fact is plain that the men to whom this City has been delivered, bound hand and foot—who have, as it now appears, connived at the most unprecedented frauds—are the men whom the Democratic Party has continued in power. Nobody will pretend to be surprised by anything in the facts now revealed but their enormity. Nobody will assert that he has believed the City of New York to be honestly governed. Everybody has been morally sure of what is now made evident.

THE NEW YORK FRAUDS

The Mayor and Controller of New York assert, in their own vindication, that the frauds which are charged upon them occurred two or three years ago, and that the municipal system then existing has been changed. But it happens that the office-holders under the new system are the same, in the main, as under the old. The system may have been changed, but the men have not been. The men are the same men, and they have certainly undergone no change of moral character for the better, if we are to judge by their actions. The Mayor and Auditor beg off also on the ground that their duties were only "ministerial," that all they had to do was to sign orders which had been audited by the Board of Supervisors. But no ministerial officer is required to compromise his own character by giving validity and effect to a gross and self-evident swindle. Such an office has at least the right of remonstrance and protest. His name is not to be, per force, inseparably connected with the extravagance or recklessness of dishonest men. The very act of voluntarily signing his name implies some sort of judgment and responsibility on his part, as much as to say that to his knowledge the order signed by him without remonstrance or protest embodied no outrage on the people's Treasury. The chief municipal officers of a city are supposed to be men of high personal honor who are properly sensitive as to their own reputation. Such men would certainly not consent to give force and validity to fraudulent orders to pay for services and materials which never were furnished to the city.

The only proper defence would be to show that the money was properly earned, the debts honestly incurred, and the payments made with the same square, honest dealing these gentlemen expect from their own clerks or cashiers. But this defence is not made, and can not be. The funds of the city have been put into the hands of political managers for no other or better purpose than to perpetuate the dominion of the Tammany faction over the politics of New York, and ultimately to extend its power over the whole country. And the explanations and defences so far made are mere evasions and subterfuges.

But bold, severe and overwhelming as the assaults of the N. Y. *Times* have been on the Tammany ring, the end of the list of outrages is not yet reached. The *Times* publishes the names of twelve persons to whom salaries amounting in the aggregate to $95,000 have been paid who are engaged in business of their own, devoting little or no time to city affairs and seldom calling at the offices they profess to be engaged in, except to sign the pay-rolls—one duty which it must be confessed, they discharge with commendable regularity. The clerks who actually do the duty of the city offices in many cases receive less pay than these gentlemen who receive large pay for nominal services.

Two sets of "cleaners" receive pay for "cleaning" the same rooms in the public buildings. One set serves in the morning and the other in the afternoon. The *Times* says it requires *twelve* women to clean the rooms in which the Supreme Court holds its sessions, while only five are required for the Common Pleas rooms. If these "cleaners" were charged with cleaning away the moral defilement of the Court House the number would not be too great, but so far as mere dust and dirt are concerned the Court House in New York ought to be the cleanest building in the city.

What an economical government we shall have at Washington when Tammany gets control! A party which governs dishonestly in New York may be relied on to govern still more outrageously in the Federal City. Let us hear no more from the Democratic press of the alleged nepotism and extravagance of Gen. GRANT's administration. A party with such charges against it unanswered should throw stones at no other party until its skirts are made clear.

PLUCK AND PERSEVERENCE.

An Alabama correspondent gives some facts in regard to Democratic policy in that State which are very interesting. The fear is expressed that the colored voters will be manipulated in many districts so as to decrease the Republican vote. This is undoubtedly the object of the persecutions. There are two lines of offensive movement against the colored people in the South practiced by the Democrats. The first was to deceive them as to the objects and aims of the party. This was supposed to be strategic, and this new element of political strength was to fall in line with their old enemies. This movement was a failure. There were too many thinkers and close reasoners among the colored people, and there was too much mother wit with all, to allow such an effort, although it was of the best sugar coated type, to be successful. Provoked at this failure, one wing of the Southern Democracy resorted to the old rule of frightening and abusing people. The simple proposition is, "Do as we want you to, or we will make you." Up to date, this policy has succeeded little better than the coaxing one. Still, people are being compelled to leave their homes, and though not intimidated they are persecuted. Such measures will not change votes if the voters are left alive, because the faith of the colored people makes them persevering. And that they do persevere in well doing, is the strongest reason that they should be protected. The results in North Carolina and Kentucky indicate that pluck and perseverance among Southern Republicans are not at a discount.

☞ The Delaware *Gazette* says that Col. JOHN M. CONNELL's letter may be denominated "mighty interesting reading." Its salient points are: 1, the Democratic State Convention was crazy; 2, the Democratic party is sick; 3, the Democratic platform is pregnant with falsehoods; 4, the *de facto* Democratic candidate was not nominated; 5, the new departure is a sham and a cheat. These propositions Col. CONNELL elaborates with characteristic force and favor.

The Postoffice Department has figures to show that 100,000 people have settled in Texas the past year.

NAPOLEON'S RESTORATION.

The news dispatches published this afternoon contain an account of a recent interview with Napoleon, in the course of which the Ex Emperor expressed a confident expectation that he would be, at no distant day, restored to the Imperial throne. The great cordiality with which the Ex-Emperor and his family are treated by the royal family of England would seem to indicate that he is not alone or unsupported in his expectations. The reason given is that, in their desperation, the people of France will recall the Napoleonic dynasty to get rid of the evils of turbulence, insecurity and sudden and fickle changes in public policy to which she is now exposed. The changes will be rung upon the old motto, "The Empire is peace."

These expectations seem to many to be very improbable of fulfilment, but the history of the Napoleonic family shows changes far more striking and wonderful than this one would be. The instability of France, in matters of government, is the real basis for this expectation. NAPOLEON will make friends with the adherents of the Pope. They, at least, are reliable. The Bourbons will appeal to the same element, but they are not strong enough to contend with the BONAPARTES. The commercial classes, who prefer the gains of peaceful traffic, to any sentimentality about matters of government, are expected to throw their influence for the Imperialists in order to avoid the devastations of insecurity and radical changes of policy. The dispatch states that the real contest in France is between the Imperialists and the Red Republicans. In the latter party are so many impracticable and reckless men that the more timid and conservative classes—men who have interests which they want protection for—fear to trust them, however friendly they may feel to a more liberal form of government.

The re establishment of the Empire is not, in our judgment, improbable, much less an impossible event. It may not be consummated this year or next, but strong forces are at work in that direction, the effect of which will be seen and felt before many days. But whenever that event shall transpire, be it soon or late, it will be a day of gloom for France and for human liberty. The evil spirit of despotism will bring back with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, so that the next experience of Napoleonism will be worse than the last. Italy will be attacked, and if possible, compelled to restore to the Pope his former temporal authority over Rome. If NAPOLEON or his dynasty is ever restored it will be through the influence of the ultramontanists of Papal Europe. Against his restoration the liberal peoples of the world should protest with firmness and labor with vigilance and zeal. Napoleonism is the pest of European civilization, and it should not be allowed to take advantage of the indiscretions of unstable partisans in France to force itself on a protesting people, nor to a place of power and influence among the nations. The intermeddling of France in the affairs of Italy, Spain and Mexico is an illustration of what Napoleonism is, and what evil it will bring to every weak government upon which it dares to lay its hand. The liberal governments of the world should use at least a strong moral influence to prevent the existence of any occasion for its vaulting again into power.

NO TREASON TO THE SOUTH.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* in a lengthy article on "Treason to the South," makes, in spite of the effort to the contrary, a good point. Under the old rule the South was held together by a property interest. The *Journal* claims that "treason to the South" was the destroying of this interest. Now the South no longer maintains either exceptional power or an exceptional system. There fore, concludes the *Journal*, there can be no treason to the South that is not treason to the Nation. Just so. The traitors in the South who refuse to acknowledge loyalty to the Nation but still prate about hatred of the North and hopes for the lost cause, should be made to understand that they have no "South" to talk to but that as the Unionmen held in 1861, and have held ever since, they talk treason to the Nation. The *Journal* says:

> The Southern man who denounces his fellow citizens as traitors because they seek to adapt themselves to the times and conditions which embrace them, and which they cannot resist, mercy babbles, having not even a selfish purpose that is rational or profitable to excuse his insolent but unmeaning gabble.

The South is poor. As a section it has no friends. Nobody loves it because it is the South. It need to be courted because it was rich, not because of its geographical location. The glory of slavery—the glory which distinguished the South in the time of its glory—has departed. But is there no glory in this world but the glory of slavery? *That* is gone. It will never come back to us. But shall we back in the reflection of the sun which has set and dawdle in the glimmer of the moonlight of this transition period, or shall we prepare for a new work with the new day that is upon us? The South must look upon the world with clear and open eyes. It cannot afford to prose or gush or waste its energies in vapid sentiment and weak lamenting. This is but a young country. It has only just begun to rise among the nations of the earth, and it is the interest of every section and every State to put itself in the line of march which modern forces are opening up for social enterprise and ambition. There is a robust American impulse even now spreading itself everywhere to the exclusion of the prejudices, theories and speculations of professional politicians,—an impulse of practical and national reform,—which the fresh manhood of the North and South feel in equal measure, and which is certain to crystalize into a definite policy and clearly-marked organism.

This robust American impulse is found in the Republican party. It has started the "South" on the new line, has given it the impulse of "practical and national reform," and as is virtually admitted in this article, has given the people the idea of a fresh manhood.

☞ Every one is more or less familiar with the extent and richness of the recently discovered deposits of silver in Utah, but it seems that these deposits are not all unearthed. Yesterday's dispatches report the finding of rich silver-bearing galena in Iron county, in the southern part of the territory. Meantime the yield from the "Emma" mine continues to meet the anticipations of the most sanguine, and some three hundred tons of it are now awaiting shipment east. Who can tell but that these silver deposits, by inducing a powerful current of immigration, and filling the country with a class of enterprising citizens from "the States," may go far to the settlement of the Mormon question?

THE POCKET.

The pocket is a great thing. We all believe in it as an advancing agent and admire the thing in the abstract. We, in this case, means everybody, from the four year old boy to the eighty year old man. In considering this question the people will please "in one line form company," and when they are sized off, they will face the music and all look innocent and wise and unconcerned. Nobody denies the existence of the traditional boys traditional pocket. After all, this with its museum-like collection, and its ungainly fullness and its tendency to bear a full crop of holes at most untimely seasons, and its forty-horse power inclination to get a fellow into scrapes; after all, this is the emblematical pocket and dirty-faced Johnny, or queer-eyed Bobby, or tinkering Charlie, or quiet Walter, or fidgety Pete, are the representative pocket manipulators of the age. They run a pocket on instinct. Older people have as many different names for the motive power as there are cases to be considered. No one ever saw a boy who hadn't an ambition to possess a pocket. He wants a pocket as soon as he masters the idea, and he masters the idea as soon as he masters anything. If any man can explain why a six month's old babe exhibits so much energy in the picking up of pins, and so much promptness in putting them in its mouth, the same individual can undoubtedly get nearer the bottom of this pocket idea than any living man ever has, and can explain, perhaps, whence comes the instinct and show the principle in its budding state. At the present stage of philosophical investigation we must admit facts, and admitting facts we must declare that to the best of our knowledge and experience the pocket idea comes in a Topsy like tumble to the presence of the august infant of the boy type, made to order, as it were, but changing very little with the flight of ages. Johnny's pocket of to-day is the same in general peculiarities as was his grandfather Ebenezer's in the days of the Pilgrim Fathers. The boy Ebenezer had a pocket into which he dropped pebbles, into which he crammed strings, into which he maneuvred pennies, into which went old knives or knife blades, and pieces of keel, and chunks of wax, and dozens of buttons, and iron rings, and links of chain, and the boy Johnny has about the same assortment now. Why did Ebenezer do as he did or why does Johnny do as he does? Why did Ebenezer fill his pocket in this unmeaning way and why does Johnny cram his? What is the use? What motive influenced the boy past and now influences the boy present?

Come every toe now to the line. Come up Merchant, and Lawyer, and Editor, and Doctor, and beggar, and Emperor, and Sailor, and Soldier, and Politician. Right dress on Johnny and stand firm. Johnny is our traditional boy with the traditional pocket and we, all of us, in our majesty and wisdom, are going through him, so to speak. Johnny is sullen, but he proceeds to unbosom himself through his pocket with great deliberation and with due solemnity. A slate pencil comes out of the pocket as though it were being pulled up by the roots. An ivory button seems as heavy as a grindstone. A tangled string is taken out as tenderly as though it were knotted about the boy's heart strings. The lifting of a little tin box containing three brass buttons, two one cent pieces, a short lead pencil, is too much of a trial, and Johnny breaks down. Every body laughs at Johnny and indulges in witticisms and wise remarks at his expense.

Let Adolphus, aged eighteen, stand forth and be subjected to this pocket inspection. Adolphus exposes the contents of his trowsers pockets, and we find a bundle of keys, three or four silver coins, a piece of watch chain, three old watch seals, a lady's thimble, an old pocket book, with nothing in it, a big knife, a little knife and an old knife. Go higher and we wade deeper into pocket mysteries. In his vest pockets we find ivory tablets without a pencil mark on them, a small compass, never looked at, a watch gaudy in appearance, but not useful. In his coat pocket we find an elaborate diary with every page blank, but with verses clipped from papers, dropped in here and there. Adolphus may stand aside in a row with Johnny. There is a vigorous searching of pockets, and the merchant and the doctor, and finally all the others, plead guilty, pass over, and stand in a line with Johnny.

They will now be tried on a general charge. They carry this pocket idea into everything in life. The Editor has a thousand scraps and bundles of papers on his desk which he never uses. He holds on to them as tenaciously, however, as did Johnny hold on to his tin box and buttons. If anybody throws them off he will industriously pick them up and feel as much hurt as your traditional boy did over the pocket investigation. He holds on to them week after week, and his desk is as rich a specimen of confusion as Johnny's pocket. It is the old instinct. The man is as bad as the boy.

How many things has the doctor in his office that he never uses; how many instruments that he keeps only to look at; how many jars and bottles that haven't been opened or touched for years. How many books has the lawyer that he never reads, how many old documents has he stored away that mean absolutely nothing. How many things has the merchant in his store that never would sell and never will sell. How many books has the scholar in his library that he never reads but keeps simply to fondle. And yet, will the doctor part with his bottles, or the lawyer with his documents, or the merchant with his wares, or the scholar with his books any more readily than will Johnny with his pocket treasures? The soldier carries a score of things in his knapsack that are of no earthly use, and the beggar clings to old rags that give him no comfort. Yet neither of these, representing the two extremes—one asking, the other demanding—will yield one item of their stock.

Every man has his tin box and buttons. Every man has a pocket weakness. Let the traditional boy with the traditional pocket be given his proper place in line.

This is pocket in the general way. The fondness of the traditional boy for his pocket develops wonderfully in the man. The instinct becomes a ruling passion. Touch a man's pocket and he will squirm worse than ever did your traditional boy. Did you ever see a boy strutting with his hands in his pockets who had not a feeling of contempt for a girl, and did you ever know of a case wherein he failed to tell her of her pocket deficiency and patronize her on that account. And did you ever hear of a people who made this boy idea a principle in life; of a nation wherein the men denied woman's right to have pockets and wherein they took the old—"hands-in-the-pockets," patronizing air of the boy toward the girl. If you did let such a people laugh no more at the traditional picture. Let the flippant skirmishers turn their guns, and become sharp shooters with the man as an objective point rather than the boy.

☞ If genius can claim any one distinguishing characteristic that may serve to identify it under its manifold manifestations, that one is certainly versatility. Shall we not then conclude that the redoubtable JAMES FISK, Jr., who is nothing if not versatile, is truly a genius? With an ease of transition equalled only by its rapidity, he has appeared before the public as a speculator and a sailor, as a musician and a manipulator of stocks, as a captain of mighty men and a prayer of prayers, as a wearer of "gum" shoes and a cultivator of the art horticultural. And now comes the latest manifestation, to be entitled, "FISK as an Economist." FISK is cutting down expenses, is reducing salaries, and discharging superfluous clerks at the headquarters of the Erie Railway, and the end is not yet. Let us possess our souls in patience till the next change come.

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Correspondence.

Washington Letter.

Reminiscences of Hon. R. J. Walker

Correspondence of the Blade.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7, 1871.

In one of Col. Forney's late articles, giving "Anecdotes of Public Men," he refers to the Democratic National Convention of 1844 as "the most exciting political convention he ever attended." As I was present at that convention I can fully sustain what he has said on that point. The convention was held in Odd Fellows' Hall, a building badly ventilated, and with only a small gallery for the accommodation of spectators; and as the weather was intensely hot, the impatient crowd, packed closely under the overhanging and over heated roof, had to pay a severe penalty for the privilege of seeing and hearing; but so great was the interest that they kept their places with the most determined perseverance and with no seat empty during the whole of those three exciting days.

Twenty-seven years ago, the Slavery question ruled in our politics just as clearly, but not as openly as it has since done. Mr. Van Buren, while President, had bowed very low to the slave power, and John C. Calhoun, the great southern leader, had come over from his revolt under Jackson's, to Mr. Van Buren's support, and the whole south had been devoted to the interests of the "Northern man with Southern principles." But Mr. Van Buren was defeated for a second term by Gen. Harrison, under circumstances which aroused the sympathies of his party, and they came up to this convention in the majority, determined to make him the candidate for re-election.

But, in the meantime, he had written his letter against the annexation of Texas, then the darling scheme of slavery, and from that moment the southern leaders resolved on his overthrow. Hon. Robert J. Walker, a Senator from Mississippi, had made himself somewhat conspicuous in the Senate as a terse and ready debater, but his power was not at all understood, till he appeared in this convention as the leader of the compact southern opposition to Mr. Van Buren. Col. Forney has described his diminutive appearance; and he might have added that he was slouchy and indifferent in his dress, had a thin, squeaking voice, and brought neither person nor manner in aid of his masterly tactics. Yet he won all his points and carried the Convention. This was done by his skillful advocacy of the two-thirds rule, adopted really to kill Mr. Van Buren, but apparently to insure party success.

When it became evident that Mr. Van Buren was to be defeated, and after the vote was taken and it was found that he could not command the necessary two-thirds, the feeling of his friends towards the Southern leaders was very violent, and an inflammatory speech from Medary of Ohio, at the close of the second day came near breaking up the Convention. It was, I think, before this speech that one of the New York delegation bore down with tremendous force on the South for their wanton assaults on the unity of the party and their jubilant feeling over its probable defeat. "It was thus," he said, "that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning."

But the South triumphed, Mr. Polk was nominated, and the North fell reluctantly into line. New York was saved by nominating Silas Wright, for Governor, who had refused the nomination for Vice President, because he could not be accessory to the party treachery towards Mr. Van Buren. Mr. Polk, on being inducted into office remembered his obligations to Mr. Walker and called him into his Cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury, then the second place in honor, James Buchanan having the first, that of Secretary of State.

Mr. Walker, as Secretary of the Treasury, won a very distinguished reputation. He was not a student of letters, but a student of facts; and his power of organization was very great. The old senatorial leaders were there in the fullness of their renown, and visitors on coming to Washington were sure to inquire first for Webster and Clay on the one side, and Benton and Calhoun on the other; and Mr. Walker's innovations made him the target of very sharp and elaborate criticisms by these great senators who had, more than any men of our time, the ear of the country.

It was during this contest over the tariff of '46 that I met Mr. Walker at dinner in Princeton, N. J., where his wife's relatives then resided, and where he occasionally retired for a few days from his arduous and harassing duties. He was the guest of Hon. John R. Thomson, afterwards one of the N. J. Senators; and among those present were the sons of the late Capt. Stockton, one of whom is now in the United States Senate, Gov. Dickerson and other distinguished Jerseymen. The dinner was elaborate and ample, but the Secretary ate with moderation and showed no very great skill as a commonplace conversationalist.

But when the ladies had retired and cigars were lighted he evidently felt more at his ease and began to show some of the tact and ability for which he had now become renowned. I remember how his countenance lighted up and his eyes sparkled when he referred to the speeches made in the Senate in disparagement of his estimates of revenue under the new tariff. He said there were large questions of difference between him and the Whig leaders in the Senate, and time only could settle which was right; "but," said he, "I shall trust my calculations to the test of experiment with the utmost confidence."

These questions were as to the amount of revenue which the new tariff would produce. Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster had declared their belief that it would fall far short of the wants of the country and would prove a failure as a scheme of finance. But Mr. Walker could not be very easily tripped in figures and calculations; and in this instance proved the better prophet. The revenue under his tariff considerably exceeded his careful estimates and it remained the policy of the country for many years—longer, I think, than any other tariff.

Mr. Walker afterwards transferred his residence from Mississippi to New York, and partially disappeared from public life, till he was appointed by Mr. Buchanan to the governorship of Kansas. Mr. Forney tells us that he was appointed to his difficult position, through persuasions of the southern leaders who retained their confidence in him as the former exponent of their policy, and believed he could be depended on to carry Kansas for slavery. But if he accepted his place with any idea that he could conduct the government to the satisfaction of the South, he was soon undeceived. The work prepared to his hand was too gross an outrage on justice and right to be thought of for a moment, and he did not stain his great reputation by lending himself to it, and, consequently lost the good will and support of the Southern leaders. He consequently retired quietly from his place leaving the government of the territory in the hands of Frederick P. Stanton, and sank out of sight till the war brought him to the front again as the earnest, efficient friend of the administration.

Mr. Walker belonged to the Free Trade school of statesmen, and his habit of living among facts and figures made him a troublesome opponent in the controversies which from time to time he had about questions of protection. In regard to other policies Mr. Forney well says that "he was the advocate of a liberal land policy, the champion of public improvements, the antagonist of religious intolerance, the fearless enemy of nullification, and that he contributed immensely to many important reforms in the government."

BUCKEYE.

Some Reasons Why we Should Adhere to President Grant.

Correspondence of the BLADE.

WASHINGTON, Aug 12, 1871.

My admiration for President Grant, which has known no abatement since he first loomed up before the world in his Vicksburgh campaign, grows on me in contemplation of the steady prosperity of the country under his guiding hand; and as I see, one after another the great measures of his administrative policy made secure. It is not that he is a brilliant genius, that he walks up to a question with the power of a giant and smites with his club and demolishes it, saying to the world, Lo, how great I am! It was not thus that he wrought out victory during the war. When he was called from the West to take the chief command, and entered on his deadly warfare with the rebel chief he did not march at once to Richmond, but was obliged to fall off on the enemy's flank, to fight fruitless battles, day after day, to await the brilliant combinations of Sherman, and to harrass his enemy with sallies, approaches and raids. And we all remember what the doubters and the half hearted patriots said.

They told us that he was not so near to Richmond as Gen. McClellan had been, that Richmond could never be taken from that quarter, that he was wasting his armies in a vain struggle, that while he was spreading himself around the rebel capital he was rapidly losing his men, and a sudden dash of Gen. Lee would finish him. Even yet there are those who call him a murderer, because of the blood, the precious blood of the country's best sons shed in that terrible Wilderness campaign and the battles before Richmond. But it is not claimed for him that he made no mistake, that he never failed, that with higher powers he might not have done much better. What commanded then and still commands the admiration of the country is that, with what genius and power he had, he went forward to sure success, and the complete overthrow of the rebellion.

Now, in his civil administration is it pretended that he has made no mistakes; that there have been no occasions for the feeling of distrust which has sometimes arisen, that in the original selection of his cabinet, or the choice of individuals to office, or his course in regard to San Domingo, or a hundred other things there was no cause for the outburst of censure which has assailed him. Unfortunately too, error is human, and greatness is as often shown in retrieving errors as in achieving successes. King David, though often going counter to the Divine will, and in one instance guilty of the notable crime of murder, was declared to be the "man after God's own heart."

So with President Grant. Whatever may have been his errors they have not diverted him from his main purpose. On the other hand he has come back to it stronger than before; and we have come to know that his errors will be repaired without great detriment to the important objects in hand. He was mistaken in his appointment of Gen. Pleasanton, and was a little slow in correcting his mistake, but it came at last; not because individuals were dissatisfied, or his own sense of ho or was offended, but because it was clear that the interests of the country were suffering.

It is this faithfulness to the main purpose, this persistent adherence to the interests of the people as against cliques, and rings, and individual persuasions, that will give the President the reputation of a statesman, as it has already won him the distinction of a soldier, and it is pleasant to see that the differences in reference to him, in the ranks of his own party, have pretty much died out in the presence of the great general well being which attends his administration. There were threatening domestic troubles following in the wake of our great internal war, but they are gradually subsiding; a powerful European nation which had insulted us in our weakness and been a menace to us under all circumstances for these many years, has been induced to change its attitude for one of "peace and good will," and the Washington Treaty is the harbinger of a new era of good feeling which it is hoped will last for many years.

Then, we have been surrounded with financial troubles. We all remember how the Democracy used to talk about us during the Johnson administration. It was said that we were running into bankruptcy, that our just debt never could be paid—that we would only borrow money at the most exorbitant rates and a few years would see the finest country in the world laid in ruins unless it could be rescued by the wise and honest policy of a Democratic administration. At a later period they were equally positive that we would never fund our debt at five per cent, and actually delayed the funding bill and kept it back till the German war broke out, and the chances were largely on their side. But the Grant administration has paid our great debt so rapidly that these same men now cry, "Hold! enough!" and are protesting that the country does not want the debt paid off so fast. But the debt continues to diminish, and the government has, besides, in spite of croakers and prophets of evil, gone on to negotiate a loan at reasonable rates which will sweep off a large margin now paid in exorbitant rates of interest. In short, one point after another has been won, till the merest tyro in politics should be able to see that Gen. Grant is a great success in winning victories of peace as he ever was in winning victories of war, and that if we would have long years of prosperity we must cling to him now, as we did when the cannon of the rebels was thundering at our doors.

BUCKEYE.

The Centenary of Sir Walter Scott.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 15, 1871.

I am reminded by the date of this letter that I write on a notable anniversary; and you will allow me to depart from the ordinary duties of a correspondent to remember the author of Waverly who was born one hundred years ago to day.

In my boyhood the announcement of a new novel by the author of Waverly created a lively competition among the drawing rooms of our reading circles as to which should have the two volumes first on its table, and the question: "Have you read the last Waverly?" was as common as the exclamations of wonder about the prolific brain that could be the fountain of all these fascinating stories. Wonderful to say! The secret was kept for more than a dozen years, during which time only 36 or 40 literary friends were conversant with the facts, and the books were attributed by the critics to the various literary stars that were in the ascendant in English literature, while the real author was not suspected; and contributed to the mystery by writing for the magazines reviews of his own works.

Walter Scott, the son of a lawyer and educated to the bar, began his literary career as a poet. He was an immense reader of history, and, while yet a student in his father's office, was accustomed to use the holiday season of three or four months in rambling over the Scottish border and identifying the places familiarized to him in the popular ballads of the day. He had a miraculous memory, and the pictures of grounds and castles, and mountain scenery, once before his eye, never lost their impression; and years after, he could call them before his mind with all their freshness and exactness, and they constituted a part of that fund of knowledge on which he drew so largely in preparation of his works.

His first efforts were mainly translations and ballads; but in 1805, when he was 34 years old, he broke out into a series of poetic narratives, which captivated the English people and made him first among the living poets. The Lay of the last Minstrel, Marmion and the Lady of the Lake were, and still are, immensely popular; but Byron soon appeared to dispute with Scott the crown of poetic empire, and the result was to drive the Scotchman from his throne. But, in the meantime, he had attracted the notice of Pitt, who had bestowed on him a sinecure of £1,300, had married, made many by his writings, and attained a high position both in the circles of literature and wealth.

His novel writing has a courious history. About the time that he began his poetic narratives he also commenced his first prize novel, Waverly, now known as the father of the Waverly series, and wrote the first seven chapters, which, in the faith that he had achieved something to his credit, he read to some literary friends, expecting their warm approval. But it so happened that they were not captivated, and thought he had better stick to his verses. The result was that he was disgusted with his work and threw it aside—in fact that he forgot it or lost sight of it for nine or ten years, till, in 1814, he accidentally turned up his manuscript, re-read it, and resolved to finish it. This he did so hastily that in six weeks the two volumes were given to the press. But, fearing its reception by the public, he withheld his name. It had an immense success, and was followed rapidly by that wonderful series of stories which were announced one after another, as "by the author of Waverly," and which are, even yet, unrivaled in that particular branch of literary production. Spalding, in his History of English Literature, says very emphatically, that "they may be safely pronounced to be the most extraordinary productions of their class that were ever penned."

Such novels as Waverly, Guy Mannering and the Antiquary were pictures of Scottish life and scenery, as they existed in the 18th century, while others like the Crusaders and Ivanhoe carried the reader back to the days of chivalry and made him familiar with usages and scenes that lived only on the misty pages of history. Scott's pictures of the crusades, the hot-hearted Richard, the tourney, the Cedric, the Saxon, the swineherd and the early manners and customs of the English are so woven into the warp and woof of these fascinating stories that they have impressed themselves on the world and proved better instructors than the best historians or the most elaborate museums.

But there is another element in these admirable novels that ought to be remembered on this memorable anniversary. They always inspired the reader with higher aims, better purposes and lofter ambitions. Heroism, integrity, truth, honor, goodness, and all the virtues are so managed as to make their true impression in his wizard hands where there was no mixing of the pure gold with the baser metals of life.

Scott, who lived generously and entertained with the liberality of a prince, had a sad rebuff in the failure of his publishing house, involving losses which embittered his last days and sent him to the grave under burdens which he was not able to bear, though he vindicated his manhood by the most wonderful efforts. His publications amount to over 100 volumes, and the world knows more about what he has written than about the works of any other author that lived before him.

BUCKEYE.

From Minnesota.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 11th, 1871.

No city of the New World possesses a more commanding position or embraces a view of more picturesque and varied natural scenery than the Capital of Minnesota. Her location is a most salubrious one, since situated in latitude 44° 52' North, and longitude 93° 5 West from Greenwich, together with her high altitude, being 100 feet above the level of the surrounding country and 690 feet above that of the Gulf of Mexico, she escapes the malarious influences of less elevated and more southerly latitudes.—Yet so far as regards heat, tourists from more central localities do not suffer less here than at home. We never felt its effects more severely, than during the latter days of July and the first of the present month. The streets of St. Paul are exceedingly narrow, (having been laid out by the French,) which greatly impedes free circulation of air and renders the effects of warm weather very burdensome, almost unbearable.

HER GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION

at the head of steamboat navigation, on the Mississippi 2,082 miles from its mouth, and the numerous railroads of which she is the centre, combine in rendering her the commercial metropolis of the entire north-western regions. She is surrounded by a rich agricultural country, to whose products she serves as an outlet. Though Wheat is the staple, Indian Corn is quite extensively planted and as far advanced as in Ohio, while all the vegetables of the season abound in market, these grow with such rapidity, that notwithstanding the brief summer season, they come to perfection as early as in the Central States.

HER EARLY HISTORY GROWTH AND PROSPERITY.

is another evidence of the predominance of the Anglo-saxon over the Gaelic races. It divides itself into three periods, marked by corresponding changes of names. First, the period of Indian occupancy till 1838 when it was known as Immijaska or White Rock. Second the period of Squatter sovereignty ending in 1849, when it was known by the Indians as the place where whisky was sold, and by the Whites as "Pig's Eye" the soubriquet of a French pre emptor, named Parrant, who sold whiskey, had but one eye and owned the present site of St. Paul. Third since 1849, when it was selected as the capital of the territory and named St. Paul in accordance with the wish of Father Gaultier, a Catholic missionary, who had erected the first church, and called it by the name of his old bachelor patron Saint. Though discovered and originally settled by the French, Yankee foresight marked out the present site of St. Paul as a future great city. Jonathan Carver, a keen, practical Yankee, purchased a large tract of land from the Dacotah Indians in 1766, and the treaty was ratified in a cave near this city, still known as Carver's Cave. This tract embraced the beautiful amphitheatre of hills, upon which the greater portion of the city now rests. Here more than a century ago, Carver conceived the project of a Northern Pacific route by the way of the Minnesota and Oregon rivers, which would open a passage to China and the East Indies, as also a communication by water, with New York by way of the Lakes. Like all great thinkers, he was ahead of his age, and years passed without a realization of his prophecy. Fort Snelling was established in 1819. Mendota, a few miles from St. Paul, became the seat of the fur trade, his skeptical descendants sold their lands for a trifle, and now, behold the fulfilment of his prophecy.—Since 1849, St. Paul, from a village of 400 inhabitants, has increased to a city of 20,000. And Anglo Saxon ideas and institutions, and the English language are gradually absorbing every other national element.

ROMANTIC DRIVES IN HER VICINITY.

The drives about St. Paul are very delightful. The rolling nature of the country gives natural drainage, rendering the roads smooth and cleanly and the places of interest are so numerous that the tourist scarcely finds time to visit them all. Lake Como, two-and-a-half miles from the city, is a clear pretty little lake environed by hills. A small hotel is located here, and boats and fishing implements are plenty, though it is too near the city to abound in fish, which are caught faster than they can reproduce. Bass Lake is six miles distant and White Bear Lake twelve miles. The latter is a great pleasure resort, contains a fine hotel, situated near the border of the lake amid a primival grove and is celebrated for its fine fishing and hunting. On the eastern side of the Mississippi a projecting plateau known as

DAYTON'S BLUFF

affords a magnificent panorama of the city of St. Paul, the river, the Suspension Bridge and the picturesque terraces and golden slopes of the sunny hills rising above one another. Numerous palatial homes, with tasteful surroundings, adorn the immediate vicinity of the bluff, and a group of Indian mounds are pointed out where whole generations of the ancient Dacotahs sleep their last sleep.

CARVER'S CAVE,

in this bluff, near the bank of the river, is a note-worthy antiquity, now nearly in ruins by the inroads of the railroad which is located near it. The Dacotahs called it "Wakan-Teebe, or the Dwelling Place of the Great Spirit," and held their religious ceremonies and formed their treaties here. Its entrance is ten feet wide and five feet high, and one arch within it fifteen feet high and thirty wide. A subterranean lake of clear water is said to be within it, and the walls are covered with Indian hieroglyphics. It is accessible by a narrow, steep passage, and altogether too gloomy to invite the tourist's exploration.

FOUNTAIN CAVE.

On the road to Fort Snelling, a short distance from the city, is also a most remarkable natural curiosity. It is situated at the declivity of a hill in a romantic little dell. A large arch hollowed out of white sandstone forms the entrance, and after exploring a short distance one encounters a stream of water which emits a sulphurous odor and renders the air so close and confined that one is glad to escape from it. It is said to contain several lofty chambers, one 25 feet high and 100 feet in length, which our fear of darkness and impure air would not permit us to visit. A few miles further, on the edge of a great sharp bluff, at the confluence of the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers, we come to Fort Snelling, the oldest government post in Minnesota. It is built of limestone, in hexagon form and is said to be poorly fortified as it was never designed to be secure from any foe but Indians. Leaving the Fort, a short, pleasant ride over elevated table lands, beautiful with mid-summer herbage and foliage, brings us to

THE FALLS OF MINNEHAHA,

rendered famous by Longfellow's original and matchless poem of Hiawatha. Those who expect to view a majestic cataract like Niagara, will meet with disappointment. Minnehaha is simply a lively, clear, beautiful cascade, formed by the waters of Minnehaha creek falling over a sandstone precipice perhaps forty or fifty feet in hight, upon a stony river bed, terminating in rippling, musical rapids and losing itself in the Great Father of Waters. A shady romantic dell, embowered in white sandstone hills, covered with native forest, and a little rustic bridge at the foot of the cascade where the mist of the laughing water is felt, enhances the primeval loveliness of the scene, and fancy conjures up from the web of memory the dusky form

"Of the ancient arrow maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the falls of Minnehaha,
Flash and gleam amid the Oak trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley,"

and his dark-eyed daughter:

"Wayward as the Minnehaha,
And he named her from the river,
From the waterfall he named her,
Minnehaha—Laughing Water."

The poetic imagery of Longfellow has immortalized this cascade, which without his exquisitely imaginative portraiture, would only be a pretty waterfall, but touched by the fairy wand of poetic genius, its airy creations assume a local habitation and a name, and annually attract crowds of tourists and visitors, who would scarce otherwise remember this pretty waterfall.

COSMOPOLITA.

Letter from China.

FOOCHOW May 25th, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have promised you an account of our late trip to the Island of Formosa, but I am sure I shall come short of describing in a comprehensive manner the interest and enjoyment afforded us by the journey, or the many objects of interest which we saw while on the Island.

As guests of an esteemed friend, Capt. Farrow, commander of the steamer Volunteer, a Samic man-of-war, belonging the Chinese Government, and provided with the most comfortable quarters, we embarked on the 16th of March.

After leaving the Min River, our course was southeast through the Haitan Straits. About 11 A. M., a fresh northeaster sprung up, which, by the time we had passed out of the Straits a distance of some forty miles, had increased to almost a gale, so as the Captain was disposed to consult our comfort, he ran in under shelter of one of a group of Islands known as the "Haitans," and anchored. About 2 P. M., the wind having abated somewhat, the Captain ordered his gig lowered, and we joined him for a run on the Island. We were soon pulled away by six lusty oarsmen, a mile and a half to sandy beach, along which we rambled for an hour or more, gathering coral and a collection of exquisite shells.

The following morning being by no means calm, the Captain decided to lie at his anchor. So about 10 A. M. another run on the island was proposed, whereupon it was agreed that we would visit a small village, back a little distance from the shore and just visible from our anchorage. As a means of security against uncivil treatment from the villagers, a half dozen of the crew (all natives) accompanied us. On arriving at the village we are followed by a great crowd of people ever curious to see the *Whan Kiang* (foreigner) until we get near the center, where we step into a snug little shop on the invitation of a respectable and elderly looking man, evidently a chief man of the village, and are regaled with a cup of choice tea. Making the best use of our limited knowledge of their language, we make inquiry about the extent of the island, the number of its inhabitants, their resources, etc., etc., and are told that the island is small, that nearly all its inhabitants, about 1000, live in the village, that the men fish, the women till a little ground, and by these means they make a good living and are happy. The Captain informs us that visitors, like ourselves, are usually courteously treated by the inhabitants of these islands, but woe be to the luckless mariner that may fall into their hands from a wrecked or plundered ship, for they rarely escape the most brutal treatment, and never escape being robbed of all they possess, even their last stitch of clothing. The men of this island were very dark, and clad in the usual costume of the Chinese fishermen, to wit: a pair of cotton pants, reaching from above the hips, down a little below the thighs.

The women, like all Chinese women, had their hair tastefully dressed and decorated with flowers, their feet were pressed to about one-half the natural size—wore long trowsers, but were by no means careful about covering the person above the waist. The houses were built of bricks and cobble-stones, laid in lime and sand, and as a rule, had the appearance of being comfortable and tidy.

On the morning of the 18th, the wind having abated, we had an anchorage before daylight, and just at day-break pass the 'Ocksin" Islands, and in sight of the wreck of a large English steamer, which only a few days before had gone ashore in a dense fog. Her cargo, valued at some $400 000 was plundered by the natives, and her officers and crew, who had escaped from the wreck in small boats, were pursued, robbed of all they possessed, stripped even of their clothing and left to the mercy of the elements.

We are steering now for the Pescadore Islands, where the Captain expects to arrive about four p. m. and anchor for the night. Suddenly we find ourselves in a fog so dense that we can scarcely see a ship's length ahead. The engine is "slowed" and directly a fishing smack discovered on the starboard quarter. She is hailed and a fisherman taken from her to pilot us to our destination. We are in close proximity with the rock bound shore of the island, and after an hour's run in the most cautious manner, a little bay is reached, off a village called "Sycee," the anchor is dropped in four fathoms of water, and we pass a pleasant night.

During the evening word is sent to the captain by an official of the Island, that an English merchant ship had been wrecked near by, a few days before, and that five of the crew having reached the island had been robbed by lawless men, and were now in a neighboring village in a destitute condition. The noble captain promptly sends reply that he will put in at the village the next morning, take the poor fellows to Tai Man-foo and hand them over to the English Consul. At day break next morning we are again moving, and a little after sun-rise put in at the little village in quest of the unfortunate tars. But learn that they have already been sent to Taiwanfoo. This village, the name of which we do not remember, is on the site of a very ancient town which was occupied by Dutch colonists many years ago. Portions of the walls of a fort built by them are still standing. There are about fifteen hundred to two thousand people living here. The men live by fishing and piracy, while the "gentler sex" cultivates a little of the soil. There are a score of excellent harbors to be found within this large group of islands, where vessels find safe shelter in typhoons, but "bad luck" to the luckless craft that chances to come to grief on the inhospitable shores.

We steam out again from the little harbor and after a pleasant run down the Formosa Channel, we reach Takau, the Southern port of Formosa island at 6 p. m., Saturday evening.

The harbor at Takau is a beautiful lagoon about eight miles long and one to two miles wide, entrance to which is gained by a narrow passage through a high and rocky cliff. A single vessel may enter this passage in fine weather without difficulty, but in rough weather it is exceedingly dangerous to make the attempt. Once inside, however, one may whistle at the most terrific gale. On the right of the passage and on the summit of the cliff, say at an elevation of 400 feet, is the signal station, and a little lower down is a Chinese fort—the guns of which "cover" the entire entrance to the harbor. This fort is said to be a source of great pecuniary profit to the Governor of the island, as he draws a large sum of money annually for the pay of soldiers to garrison it, as well as for rations, ammunition, etc., while the walls are fast falling away, its guns have become crusted with rust, and not a soldier has been seen in or about it for some years past. In alluding hereafter, to his "governorship" I shall have something to say of his peculations in connection with his "naval fleet." At the base of the cliff, and along the shore of the lagoon, a distance of a mile to the south, nestles the village of Takau, where are situated the hongs and residences of the foreign merchants, Her Majesty's consulate, the maritime customs and a large native hospital. The cliff gradually sloping to the south from the signal station soon diminishes to a narrow sand ridge dividing the waters of the sea and the lagoon. It is less than a quarter of a mile in width, and extends away S. S. E., forming a semi circle, to a distance of eight miles when it attaches to the main land at the foot of the lagoon.

This narrow neck of land is inhabited by Chinese, and in many places is covered with a dense growth of young timber. The opposite shore of the lagoon is also half semi-circular, and although here and there dotted by a small village, is for the most part low and marshy. A number of sluggish canals, like streams, having their source in the interior of the island, empty into this lagoon and are so affected by the tides that during six hours of the day large boats come in from the interior laden with sugar, which is the staple product of the Island. From the left of the entrance to the harbor, stretching away from the beach to the east around the head of the lagoon, are bold, abrupt and picturesque mountains, one of which, called "Apes Hill," is fifteen hundred to two thousand feet high. We indulged in a walk to its summit one afternoon while at Takau, and were well compensated by seeing large numbers of Apes, some young and sprightly, others grey and venerable, leaping from rock to rock, the while keeping up the interminable clatter of a bevy of school children at recess. These hills or embryo mountains are clothed with a luxuriant growth of grass, with here and there patches of of wild pine apple, nearly to their summit. At the base of these hills and around the head of the Lagoon, are also three or four foreign hongs and residences and a small Chinese village. Along the water side in front of both settlements, substantial "Bunds" have been built of stone, with here and there a jetty running twenty to thirty feet out from the bund, for use in low water.

We were entertained during our stay of a week, at Takau, by Mr. Baine, of the house of Messrs. Ellis & Co., and to that affable and whole-souled gentleman we are indebted for many courtesies and much of the information which we gained of the southern portion of the Island. Our time was chiefly devoted to making short trips into the interior for the purpose of informing ourselves as to the resources of the country, the habits and customs of the people and their disposition toward foreigners, etc. Wherever we go, the earth brings forth the fruits in rich profusion. How beautiful the expression by which we call earth our *Mother;* with what a kindly, equal love she pours blessings upon her children; and even to those sterile spots to which nature has denied beauty, she yet contrives to dispense her smiles.

The products of the island are varied and valuable, consisting of rice, millet, wheat, sugar-cane, sweet potatoes, maize, peanuts, a general variety of vegetables, and many kinds of fruit, such as plums, apricots, peaches, mangoes, pineapples, bananas, oranges, figs, pomegranates, chestnuts and betel nuts. The latter seemed to us much more ornamental (?) than useful; that is to say, they seem to be used solely to color the lips and teeth. And as nearly all the Chinese use the nut freely, they nearly all present a most disgusting appearance. It was amusing as well as disgusting to see the elite and fashion—the wives and daughters in wealthy, aristocratic families with their faces powdered, and cheeks tinted, while their lips and teeth are as black as the mouth of an ink bottle.

Sugar is manufactured in rude mills which are erected at a trifling expense or under shelter of mat sheds, one of which may be found in a mile's travel in any direction on the plain. It is the chief article of export from the ports of Takau and Taiwanfoo. Last year there was some 700,000 piculs (933,333 lbs.) shipped from the two ports. A large portion of this amount goes to the various ports of Japan.

The foreign residents at Ta Kau, few in number, are sociable and pleasant, and are in fact almost as one family; all, or nearly all of them joining at one or two of the houses every evening to dinner. All have a standing invitation to breakfast with the Commissioner of Customs every Sunday. Nearly every gentleman keeps his small yacht, and every evening at about 4 o'clock a score of sails may be seen running down the lagoon before a gentle breeze. We indulged in this pleasing recreation almost every evening during our stay in Ta Kau.

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With an extra copy to every person sending a club.

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How to Remit—Please send money in Draft on New York, Boston, Toledo, or by Post Office Order, *at our Risk; otherwise at risk of sender.*

We cannot assume the risk on money sent in registered letters or open Mail.

Checks on Country Banks *cannot be used at par. We will invariably deduct cost of collecting same.*

Rates of Advertising!

IN THE

WEEKLY BLADE

Ordinary advertisements (Nonpariel solid) 50 cents per line, each insertion.

Special Notices (Nonpariel leaded) 70 cents per line, each insertion.

Editorial or Business Notices, (Minion leaded,) $0 cents per line, each insertion.

Twelve lines Nonpariel solid make one inch.

The average number of words (Nonpariel solid) in an inch is 90; 22 inches make a column.

Double column advertisements and cuts 33⅓ per cent. additional.

No advertisement inserted for less than $1.

Objionable advertisements not accepted.

The Blade for the Campaign of 1871.

Elsewhere will be found the announcement of the publishers of the BLADE for the campaign of 1871, to which we call the attention of all good Republicans in the States holding elections this fall.

The struggle this fall will, in its results, be the most important of any for years. The Democracy have not yielded one jot of their designs—they have not abated one particle of their hatred of the distinctive principles of Republicanism. They are as determined as ever to nullify and make void the amendments, and to undo all that the Republican party has done for the advancement of the country. They hope by carrying the elections this fall to make it easy to carry the Presidential election in 1872, and thereby to gain control of the Executive power of the Government and at least one branch of the Legislative.

We ask our Republican friends to place the BLADE in the hands of every Republican. A little enthusiasm in the conduct of the campaign means victory, decisive and sweeping.—To produce this—to get out our full vote—will be our aim. The BLADE has always wielded an enormous power. Realizing and appreciating the magnitude of the interests involved in the struggle this fall we shall make it more effective than ever.

Republicans! Now is the time to begin! Raise a club for the Blade at every Postoffice! Flood the country with it.

MR. NASBY NEXT WEEK.

Next week Mr. NASBY will print a letter in the BLADE, setting forth in his usual lucid manner, what the Democracy must do to succeed this fall. The Parson's ideas of political management are always interesting.

HORACE GREELEY AND THE NEW YORK FRAUDS.

Without honesty the philosopher or the statesman is nothing. If a man be found wanting in this essential moral quality, whatever of reputation he may have in either capacity must go with it. This quality the white-coated philosopher is popularly believed to possess. Much of the reputation he has enjoyed has sprung from the belief that he was not only honest himself, but that he could not look upon the dishonesty of others with the least degree of allowance. The *Tribune* has, in other days, raised its warning voice in trumpet tones in denunciation of frauds and rascalities. This was one of its specialties to cry aloud and spare not the robbers who pillaged the treasury of the people.

When the astounding peculations of the Tammany ring were announced and exposed by the New York *Times*, it was expected that the *Tribune* would rejoice over the exposure and join heartily in the universal chorus of condemnation and execration. But in this we are doomed to a measure of disappointment. The *Tribune*, it is true, does not justify the robbers. It does not seem to spare the culprits everybody else is denouncing. But there is a gentleness and moderation in its tone quite unnatural to the *Tribune* as we remember it in other days. And then the veteran chief and philosopher interposes his specious, deprecating plea for patience and calmness in such an earnest manner, that we, of the west, are quite amazed and mystified.

How can there be peace on the part of the righteous of the earth, among whom the chief editor of the *Tribune* has been popularly supposed to shine conspicuously, when such deeds of peculation and robbery are perpetrated? Shall not their souls be vexed by the deeds of the wicked? Are the righteous Lots ceasing to be vexed with the iniquities of the American Sodom?

Is it a time for peace and calmness? Is it not rather a time for a display of wrath and indignation? Why then does the sage of the *Tribune* call for calmness at such a time, and in view of such enormities? We are not satisfied either with the position of the aforesaid philosopher in regard to the reconciliation which ought to take place between the warring factions of the Republican party in the city of New York. We do not find that heartiness of zeal in the *Tribune* which we have expected in the direction of healing divisions and promoting party concord.

"Let us have peace," but let it be with the friends of political purity and Republican principles, and not with their enemies. Let no Republican holding secret relations with Tammany, for any purpose whatever, be tolerated in our party.—New York may be redeemed from the thraldom of the Democracy if we can only have honest men, in whom the people have confidence, put in the lead.—Why is there not union and harmony among the Republicans of New York, when the honest people of that city are seeking for deliverance from the foes who are leeching out the life of the city?

There was once a wo pronounced on those who pronounced peace! peace! when there was no peace. The cry of Mr. GREELEY for calmness and moderation is now as full of mischief as was that of the compromisers who bartered away the interests of freedom in the contest with the slave power. With such men we want and will have no patience nor peace. Let it be war to the knife and the knife to the hilt until OAKEY HALL, CONNOLLY and TWEED, and all that gang are placed where they will have no power or privilege to plunder the people of the city of New York.

SPEAKER BLAINE ON THE ISSUES OF THE DAY.

The Hon. JAS. G. BLAINE, Speaker of the House of Representatives was serenaded at Saratoga on the evening of the 16th, about ten thousand persons being present. In response to the call he spoke in substance as follows:

"He said there never was a time when there was less need of a speech, or when the facts of public record carried more plainly with them their own arguments. The two parties must be judged not by professions, but by acts. The Republicans are in full power in Washington, and the Democrats in New York. No one need to draw the picture which this brace of facts presents to every intelligent mind. In Washington every dollar of surplus funds is applied toward paying the national debt, while in New York every dollar that can be wrung from the tax-payers is applied to the benefit of a private wing. Since the inauguration of Grant $25,000,000 of the debt have been paid, and this payment has been made while taxes have been repealed yielding $80,000,000 per annum. Without the aid of the leadership of Tammany, it would be impossible for the Democrats to carry New York, and without the State of New York their chance in 1872 is not worth recognizing. The power of Tammany, with its money in the North, and the power of terrorism in the South, are the weapons relied upon by the Democrats to carry the National contest next year. Were it not for this, we should have peace to day throughout the length and breadth of the land. The united appeals of the aspirants for presidential nomination by the Democracy, would produce peace in the South. This brings to the test the sincerity of the new departure. When every man in the United States enjoys his full rights under the constitution by co-operation of the Democratic party, then we shall have faith in the sincerity of this sudden conversion. He pointed to the Democratic rule in New York as false to the first principles of religious freedom and aiming a deadly blow at American liberty in attempting to interfere with the Orange procession and demanded for Protestant and Catholics alike the right to celebrate their anniversaries in their own way. With the course of the Democrats he contrasted the policy of the Republican party, which showed no favoritism to any religious sect and was true to the Declaration of Independence. He also eulogizes its foreign policy, which was one of peace, and its history contained no more brilliant chapter than that which recorded the Treaty of Washington. Our differences with England were graver than those which existed between France and Germany, but we had settled in a wise and christian spirit, questions which might have led to a greater war than that just ended in Europe."

NAME THE MEN.

The apologists of Tammany Hall assert that much of the money stolen from the New York Treasury was used to buy the votes of Republican legislators at Albany. With great unanimity, the Republican press, all over the country, has called for the names of the men who were bought. The Democratic party can do no service so well calculated to condone for a small portion of its own corruptions as to expose in the most complete manner any professed Republicans who have sold themselves for a share of the Trmmany stealings. We shall not look on such exposure as a vindictive retaliation for the exposure of Democratic corruptions by the Republican press. We delight to have the purchaseable men in our ranks discovered and punished. In this the Democratic party contrasts well with the Democracy. We cast our rogues out of the Republican synagogue, while the Democracy promotes its most expert thieves to the chief rank among its elders.

☞ The verdict of the Coroner's jury which held inquest over the bodies of the victims of the Westfield Ferry disaster, and the order for the arrest of the officers of the Ferry Company who kept an incompetent and careless engineer in their employ, and who used old and defective machinery, because it was cheaper than good machinery, is a step in the right direction. A set of capitalists who recklessly make merchandise of the lives of multitudes of human beings, should be taught their responsibility. Never has there occurred a more needless slaughter than that of the Westfield explosion.

☞ In his recent St. Louis speech Senator MORTON said: "Every road that leads out of the Republican party leads into the Democratic party; everything that tends to weaken the Republican party tends to strengthen the Democratic party." We commend these truthful words to all who think of promoting reforms of any sort through divisive movements or by the organization of new parties. No reform has anything to hope from the Democratic party, while all practicable reforms will find protection and defense under the shelter of the progressive Republican party.

Carhart's Cultivator and Potato Digger is attracting the attention of farmers. See advertisement.

The drouth in Kentucky has done much injury to the crops, and tobacco and corn will suffer severely. The old corn is now worth $4.50 per bbl.

In Mead county, Ky., on the 5th inst., a man named John Kaufman, from Indiana, grossly insulted the wife of a respectable citizen in the husband's absence. The woman informed her husband, who met Kaufman the next day, and shot him dead. He was acquitted.

Telegraphic communication is established with Japan, and messages were sent from London to Japan, and answers returned on the 16th inst.

At Kobe, Japan, on the 4th, a typhoon killed 400 people, and wrecked the ship Pride of the Thames, drowning the Captain, two mates and the steward.

DEMOCRATIC CONCORD.

The Democratic leaders are in a delightful condition for the coming canvass. There is no one proposition on which they can agree. One wing proposes a "new departure" in regard to the constitutional amendments, and the other and more numerous faction responds that it will not "depart" an inch from the old ground of opposition to the amendments. Gen. EWING, in the hope that public attention might be diverted from the "new departure" issue, revamps PENDLETON'S famous "greenback" proposition and sends it forth as the remedy for the political ills of the time. But the words of the orator had scarcely died away on the winds until the Chicago *Times*, and the Detroit *Free Press*, the oldest and most prominent Democratic journals of the Northwest, repudiate the sentiments of his speech and say that the National Democracy will not be responsible for them. There is in fact no agreement on any point of policy in the Democratic party. With all its pretensions to unity it has no financial or political policy. With all its pretensions to statesmanship it has no theories of finance which command the respect of financiers or the confidence of the people. They only agree that they want office, and that it is necessary to defeat the Republican party in order to get it.

The Detroit *Free Press* charges Gen. EWING with adopting an "Ohio" theory, which originated with the Republicans. This is news to us. But we will let the *Free Press* speak for itself. It says:

"The peculiarity of the people, and especially of the leaders in Ohio, is an insanity on the particular point of debt, and, thank fortune, this is so well understood that the Democratic and Republican parties neither of them resort to that State for financial ideas. If they did so the new "ring" would have been composed of Sherman, Ben, Butler, Thad. Stevens, Vallandigham, Pendleton, and Tom. Ewing, joined in financial embrace, shoving bonds into one pocket, while they issued greenbacks from the other, all the paper promises being labeled—"no debt—because we never intend to pay."

When Democratic journals are obliged to break the force of the electioneering speeches of their own orators by declaring that they have stolen the thunder of Republican financiers, it is a sign of demoralization. The Republicans claim no share in the PENDLETON-EWING greenback theory. We wish no violent or rash intermeddling with the currency. We want the Republican policy of steadily reducing the debt, month by month, as a surplus accumulates in the Treasury. And as the bulk of taxable property increases and the debt become less, let taxation be correspondingly reduced. This is the practical statesmanship which keeps the credit of the government good and the wheels of business in motion. In spite of all the faultfinding and censorious criticisms of the Democratic press, every man has work to do, and gets his pay in a currency which he knows will not depreciate on his hands. Workingmen are buying homes and paying their debts. The only resort of the Democracy is to propose some startling scheme of disruption, on the plea that as things now stand somebody is making money too fast. Better that than to have nobody making money, and have working men begging for bread to feed their children. If we would have the country remain prosperous we must give Democratic theorists leave to stay in private life, where their "insanity" on finance can do no harm except to themselves.

POLYGAMY IN UTAH.

We have been favored by Mr. WILLIAM S. GODBE, the leader of the Mormon Anti-Polygamy party in Utah, with a copy of a lecture delivered by him on the subject of Polygamy. Mr. GODBE is a Mormon, and has practised the doctrine against which he now inveighs. He has had a practical experience of the system and desires to free himself and others of the crime and curse into which they have been led by false teaching. Mr. GODBE commences his argument by showing from the "Revelation on Celestial marriage given to JOSEPH SMITH at Nauvoo, July 12th, 1843" the basis of the Mormon belief and practice on the subject of plural marriages. He quotes also from MARTIN LUTHER and from letters of missionaries in polygamous countries, to show that in some cases polygamy might be tolerated. He says that the "revelation on Celestial marriages" has been tested for nearly thirty years and found to be untrue, so far as this life is concerned, "because it teaches a principle that is in opposition to woman's highest nature, and in direct conflict with it."

Mr. GODBE defends the Mormons from the charge of sustaining polygamy from base or lustful motives. He thinks they have sustained it from a sense of duty, and that, as a class, Mormon converts are not depraved or sensual. This he considers especially true of the women. Yet he says the system has been weighed in the balance of experience and found wanting—sadly wanting in the chief essential of human happiness to both sexes, and the hearts of the people daily protest against what their false teachings have led them to consider a duty. The lecturer concedes that the letting in of Gentile people to Utah, and the action of a public sentiment hostile to polygamy will do much to overthrow the system. Yet he deprecates all attempts to destroy it by stringent law, like the CULLOM bill. He thinks arbitrary enactments impolitic, unnecessary and suicidal. The people are the victims of a false teaching and false logic, and must have time to mature a plan of escape from what they feel to have been an error in entering upon such a system. Although polygamy is believed in, not one family in ten practises it. The system may not be virtuous, but there is no licentiousness in Utah outside of the system, at least among the Mormons. As to what persons who wish to break up the system of life they have been pursuing should do Mr. GODBE gives his views. Where plural relations have been the source of hatred or jealousy, where great disparity of temper, age, and so forth, make life a torment, he recommends that the tie be at once broken. Yet where the union has been kindly and affectionate, he does not think separation should be insisted upon.

We can not discover any remedy for the evil which Mr. GODBE admits Polygamy to be in his rather ambiguous lecture. He says if the parties to a plural marriage life live happily, and have a number of children dependant on father and mothers, let them remain together. He indulges in some fine-spun sentiment about the time coming when "all those not joined together by God's holy sacrament of marriage" will find it out. Then they can part in peace. He wants every woman who tires of polygamous connections to quit them. This is about all we see of the nature of a remedy for the existing evil. We had heard that Mr. GODBE was a reformer, but his lecture does not strengthen that impression on our mind. There is but one remedy for any moral evil—to quit its practise at whatever cost or sacrifice. The repentance may be painful, but it is not so bad as the sin. Mr. GODBE will never banish any polygamy from Utah until he betters his plan of reform.

☞ It is a noticeable fact that not one of the rioters who were taken on the 12th of July, while in the act of attacking the Orange procession on the 12th of July, have been brought to trial. Democracy in New York shields rioters and men of blood. Ruffians who murder inoffensive men in the street cars escape the whip of justice through Democratic strategy, and the forms of justice are used to screen rioters who set out to murder men for the crime of holding views different from their own. In the South the Democratic party is the apologist for Ku Klux barbarities, and but for their connivance and support the States of the South would be as quiet as the States of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. Where Democracy is in the ascendant, corruption, riot and misrule prevails. Politics becomes a mere contest of rings and cabals, and public order, justice and decency in public affairs is no longer visible. Let the voters of Ohio remember that the Democratic party brings forth these fruits where it has full sway. Would it not be madness to transfer the men who make New York politics what they are to Washington? The country enjoys peace under Republican rule, wherever it prevails. It is controlled by no clans or riotous combinations. It knows no man according to his color or nationality, or religion. It administers the law firmly and impartially. Every one who desires to see peace preserved will vote to sustain its authority.

THE AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL

The AMERICAN FARM JOURNAL commences its second volume with the forthcoming September number, which will be embellished with a fine cut of ROBERT BONNER'S celebrated horse, DEXTER. This journal has won its way to favor among the agriculturists and housekeepers of the country more rapidly than its most sanguine friends ventured to anticipate when it started. It is edited with unusual care and discrimination, and furnishes the practical farmer with just the information, hints and suggestions he needs for the work of the month before him. It avoids much of the fanciful and irrelevant matter abounding in some of the so-called Agricultural papers, and aims to help the farmer to do more and better work and secure the best possible reward for his labor. Send for it. It is only seventy-five cents per annum. Address MILLER, LOCKE & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

THE VERY LATEST.

The preliminary examination of Mrs. Angeline Colburn, charged with poisoning Peter Buffenbarger, her former husband, was begun in London, Ohio, on the 21st. Prof. Wormley, was examined. He said the natural inference to be made from the examination he had made was that the deceased came to his death by poison. He said there was no record of any case in which a criminal introduction of arsenic into a human body was made after death. The Attorney for the prosecution moved that the body be exhumed for a more particular examination, which was not opposed by defendant's counsel. Without concluding Prof. Wormley's examination the case was postponed until to-day.—A Kentucky paper publishes a rumor that Gen. McCook is to be retired from the canvass for Governor of Ohio. He is suspected of partial derangement.—The Dollinger movement is gaining ground rapidly in Germany.—Bismarck is known to be working against the Roman Church.—The potato crop in Ireland has been almost totally blighted.—Parliament is prorogued until Nov. 7th.—The new American loan is succeeding well in Europe, $20,000,000 having been subscribed.

GRAND EXCURSION AND BUFFALO HUNT.—The managers of the Burlington route have announced that they will give a grand excursion to the buffalo range of Southern Nebraska, on Tuesday, August 29, 1871, and offer the following extraordinary low rate of fare for the round trip, viz: Detroit to Lincoln and return, $34,00; Jackson to Lincoln and return, $31,60; Kalamazoo to Lincoln and return, $29,10. The tickets are made good for 30 days, which gives excursionists not only an opportunity to participate in a grand buffalo hunt, but to view the lands owned by this popular road which are now in market, as well as the Government lands adjacent thereto.

The excursion train will leave Detroit at 5:35 P. M.; Jackson at 9:10 P. M.; Kalamazoo at 12:15 A. M., arriving at Chicago at 6:30 A. M., August 30.

The excursion party will be limited to 150 persons. Parties wishing to take advantage of this opportunity to view the West will have to make application early to A. H. BOWEN. Tickets can be purchased at the depot ticket offices of the M. C. R. R., at Detroit, Jackson and Kalamazoo, or of Mr. BOWEN, at 57 Congress street, Detroit, Mich.

THE MANHATTAN FAMILY SILENT SEWING MACHINE.—In this day of labor-saving machinery no family will consent to be without a sewing machine, and it is a matter of considerable moment to select one which the purchaser will remain satisfied with, after it has been used for a season. The Manhattan Family Silent Sewing Machine possesses many desirable and valuable qualities, which are fully set forth in an advertisement in another column. It is, in our judgment, one of the most convenient and meritorious machines ever brought to the notice of the public. Let all who wish to furnish their households confer with the agent living nearest them. The list of agencies will be found at the foot of the advertisement. To this we refer the inquirer for further details in regard to this truly valuable machine.

Those who regard the safety of their families use only Pratt's Astral Oil, the safest and best oil ever made. The daily accidents arising from burning impure oils should warn consumers to use the best only. Oil house of Chas. Pratt, 108 Fulton St., N. Y. Established 1770.

See advertisement of EATON'S liquid ink eraser.

A patent water-proof bird cage mat is advertised in another column.

Buy Dr. Price's Tooth Lozenges.

Correspondence.

Wanderings in the West.

No. 16.

Editorial Correspondence of the BLADE.

OMAHA, Neb., July, 1871.

DEAR BLADE:—We have not, thus far, made very rapid progress in our trip across the continent, but we don't make such a trip very often, and there is a great deal to be seen and written about, and my readers must pardon me if I don't take them through on a lightning train. As it is for their benefit I linger, they will not complain. A good deal might be written about the country around Laramie, but I will defer it until I come to write about the business of stock growing in this region, which will probably be in my next letter.

Leaving Laramie, going westward, we leave behind us schools, churches, newspapers, and nearly all other evidences of civilization, and will not find them again for four hundred miles. The Railroad eating houses are all well kept. Their supplies are all brought in over the road, except the antelope, venison and buffalo meat, which is served up in almost any style you want, and they all furnish as good fare as you will get at and first class hotel.

As we pass along we find at many of the railroad stations small squads of soldiers, kept there to keep the noble red man in awe. But for these Mr. Lo might compel Mrs. Lo to cut down the telegraph poles and tear up the track occasionally; just for amusement, you know. Mr. Lo is too lazy to do anything of that kind himself, and these few scattering squads of soldiers couldn't hurt him much if he should; make Mrs. L. do it, but he don't know that, and so is kept in a wholesome state of fear. Occasionally at a station you will see some of them wrapped in their dirty blankets, and with very little other clothing on. They never come aboard trains, but persistently beg money of the passengers who get out while the train stops. They are always glad of a chance of shooting at a mark with their bows and arrows—the pay being five or ten cents every time they hit the mark, and they don't make money very rapidly at that. One big, stout fellow came up to me as I stepped out on the platform at one of the stations, and holding out his bow and arrow, grunted: "Money—me shoot." I put up a mark for him on the side of the station house about ten steps away, and holding up a ten cent postal, told him he should have the money if he hit the mark. "Me hit um," he said, and let fly an arrow, which stuck in the wall about a foot above the mark. He tried again and again, and I think made at least a dozen shots before he won the dime. Another passenger put up a ten cent postal currency, and told him he might have it if he hit it. He missed it the first shot, and then the train commenced moving, much to his delight, as he got the money without much exertion.

In Cooper's time there may have been such specimens of the "noble red man" as figure in his stories, but I doubt it. If there were, they have all gone to the happy hunting grounds, or some other place, for a dirtier, lazier set of vagabonds than the Indians of to-day I hope never to see.

I shall not attempt a minute description of the country after we leave Laramie, but merely call attention to points of the most general interest. For some distance we run through a fine grazing section, then the country becomes more broken, and then again we come out into a splendid grazing region in the midst of which is Wyoming station, between the big and little Laramie rivers, and near their junction. An extensive dairy has just been started here, with fine prospects of success. Indeed I don't see why it should not pay largely, for the keeping of the cows costs nothing except the wages and board of a herder who can attend to five hundred.

If dairying pays in the Eastern States where land is dear, and cattle have to be fed one half the year or more, it seems to me there must be a "a lot of money" in it out here where the keeping of cattle costs next to nothing. The valleys in this vicinity are favorite grazing grounds of the buffalo, elk, deer and antelope, and if the adventurous hunter wants more exciting sport he may find an occasional bear up in the mountains.

At Carbon, 83 miles from Laramie, and 656 from Omaha, the first coal on this road was discovered, and two veins, averaging about nine feet each in thickness, are now being worked, which are capable of yielding 200 tons per day. A vein that was successfully worked for sometime is now on fire, and as we pass along about a quarter of a mile from the station we can see the smoke issuing from a crevice in the top of a hill, giving it the appearance of a miniature volcano. The coal here is of an excellent quality, and finds a ready market as far east as Omaha, and at other towns along the road. I may add here that there are undoubted indications of coal at a number of points near the road east of this, and those who are best acquainted with the country have no doubt that an abundance of it will be found far enough east to supply the entire State of Nebraska at very low rates.

Passing on 81 miles further, through a country that is the very picture of desolation, we come to Creston, 7,030 feet above the level of the sea, and noted as being the backbone of the continent, east of this the waters run into the Atlantic, and west into the Pacific Ocean.

Long before you reach Creston, if you will look off to the southwest, you will see looming up to the very clouds, and often far above them, the summit of Elk Mountain. Its top is covered with snow the year round. It is not so high as Long's and Pike's Peaks, but the manner in which it rises like a great giant above all the surrounding hills and mountains, gives it a peculiarly grand and impressive appearance. It is in view, I think, for a hundred miles or more as you journey along the railroad. When we first came in sight of it a great bank of beautiful fleecy clouds was resting apparently on its very summit—the snow and the clouds both gleaming like burnished silver in the bright sunlight, were so perfectly blended that I could not tell where the mountain ended and the clouds began. It was a beautiful sight.

But our train glides on through such scenery as it is worth a journey across the continent to see. Off to the right and left are the grand mountain ranges, sending in spurs sometimes as if to intercept our track, while all around us is nothing but parched brown desert, where no vegetable life is seen but the inevitable sage and cactus. It must have been a terrible journey the early emigrants to California made over this desert. But what will not men do for gold? The Red Desert is perhaps the most sterile and desolate looking region along the line of the road. For forty miles the earth and the sides of the hills around are of a deep red color and so very poor and barren that even the sage bush and cactus have had to succumb.

There is said to be coal and iron, and some say gold, silver and copper, in the surrounding hills, while the indications of oil are reported unmistakable. If some adventurer should happen to strike a hundred barrel well somewhere in this region, what a marvelous change a few weeks would make in this vicinity. And many experienced oil men believe that the region of Bitter creek, a few miles further on, will yet rival the famous oil regions of Pennsylvania. Sterile and desolate as this Bitter creek valley is, the discovery of oil would soon fill it with fortune seekers. The elevation of this valley is 6,685 feet above the level of the sea.

On we go through the same dreary desert, broken in upon every few miles by some spur of the mountains around which we are carried on an easy grade, the hoarse whistle of the locomotive sounding like a laugh of defiance at the attempts of nature to stop its headlong course. The scenery is desolate in the extreme, but there is a solemn grandeur about the desolation that impresses one with a feeling of awe, as if he were looking upon the ruins of a world.

Here and there we pass the remains of a town or "city," which sprung up in a few weeks during the building of the road, and went down as speedily when the terminus of the road was moved on to the west. The huts were of adobe, or sometimes sod, and though small generally contained about as much wickedness as could well be crowded into ten feet by twelve. The largest of these mushroom towns was Green River City, which at one time contained over 2,000 inhabitants. Now it is totally deserted, and the roofless adobe huts are all that is left of it.

Evanston is the half-way town between Omaha and San Francisco, being 956 miles from each. It was until recently nothing but a railroad station, but the company are building extensive shops there, together with houses for employes and a good hotel, and it seems destined to become the most important point in western Wyoming. I stopped over there to examine the coal mines, said to be the most extensive in the world. I remember about a year ago the representatives of the Ohio Great Vein Mining Company visited Toledo to get our people interested in the development of their property. They claimed to have veins of coal 12 feet thick, and although they were gentlemen of high character and unquestioned veracity, our citizens thought the story a little too big to swallow, so the Great Vein gentlemen returned to their mines, had one of the veins uncovered, a section 12 feet and some inches deep cut off and carefully boxed and sent up to our Chamber of Commerce, where it was kept standing for some months as a verification of the story of the representatives of the Ohio Great Vein Company.

Now I haven't got a section of these Evanston mines to show in verification of my statements, and therefore, after the experience of the respectable representatives of the Ohio Great Vein Company, feel a little hesitancy about telling what I really saw there. But "truth is mighty and will prevail," the old adage says, and if the Toledo Board of Trade, or anybody else, doubts my story let them appoint an investigating committee and have the mines examined, and they will come down as gracefully as they did on the arrival of that section from the Ohio Great Vein.

But to the mines; entering a tunnel in the side of the mountain, you find yourself going down a pretty steep grade, and the chamber gradually widening and deepening, until at about a quarter of a mile from the entrance the vein is a little over *thirty feet* from top to bottom, and *between fifteen and twenty feet wide*! I spent a good part of the forenoon wandering through these great black vaults, and came out perfectly willing to believe any story the Ohio Great Vein Company may hereafter tell about their property. I want to beg their pardon for having ever had even the slightest suspicions as to their veracity.

My guide said there was another vein a little farther on larger than this, but I had not time to visit it. The coal is the best bituminous I ever saw. It burns with a clear bright flame, leaves but little ashes, makes but little smoke, and is hard and clean. In appearance it resembles anthracite as much as bituminous coal. During our forenoon's walk through the mine we came to a narrow opening or tunnel, from one vien to another, down which it was necessary to slide feet foremost, a distance of ten or fifteen feet over the loose coal or slack. I made the plunge and went through all right, and was surprised on coming out into the light to find scarcely a mark of the coal even on the linen coat, I wore. This will give you an idea of how hard and clean this coal is. In most mines after such a slide as that, I would have come out about as black as the coal itself.

Iron ore of excellent quality and inexhaustible in quantity is also found near Evanston, and there are also said to be paying mines of gold and silver in the mountains near by. The railroad company are building a round house and repair shops there, a rolling mill is talked of, and altogether Evanston is looking up. There isn't much of it yet, it is true, but it has room to grow and is doing it. The town is nearly 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, so there is no chance for agriculture there, and the town must depend entirely on mining and manufacturing for its growth. But with the great universal wealth all around it I see no reason why these should not be sufficient to make it a prosperous place.

Leaving Evanston we soon enter the grandest, wildest scenery on the line of the road. An observation car is attached to the train from which passengers can have an unobstructed view of the scenery. We are on a steep down grade, and the train goes plunging through ravines and mountain gorges on either side of which the rocky walls rise almost perpendicularly for many hundred feet. In the distance you see mountain peaks covered with snow, and as you wind around through the canyon they seem first on your left, then on your right, and then directly in front of you. Presently you are so near to them that it seems if you were only up there you might almost throw a snow ball into the train. But still those peaks are several miles away.

I shall not attempt a description of Echo and Heber canyons through which we run for more than thirty miles, for the reason that the best pen picture possible would give the reader but a poor idea of their rugged, almost terrible grandness.

We rush down the steep grade at a speed that seems almost frightful, but the road bed is solid as a rock and most thoroughly ballasted, and so we scarcely think of danger. Arriving at Ogden we connect with the Utah Central for Salt Lake City, also with the Central Pacific for San Francisco. Of my trip over the former I wrote some weeks ago, and finding the great west a good deal bigger country than I expected, I must defer a ride over the latter until some other time.

A. P. M.

No. 17.

Editorial Correspondence of the BLADE.

OMAHA, Neb., July, 1871.

DEAR BLADE:—It is only within the last year or two that the immense grazing fields of the great west have begun to attract the attention of stock growers in the eastern States. I believe I mentioned in a former letter that we had received a number of inquiries at the BLADE office on this subject, and I was particularly requested by several of our readers to give it special attention during my western tour.

What amount of capital does it require to engage in the business? What are the average profits? *Is* it true, as reported, that cattle subsist on these western plains without hay or grain and with no other care than herding? And so the questions run.

According to promise I shall devote this letter to this subject. I have examined it with care, and have had excellent facilities for securing reliable information from practical men—those who have been engaged in the business longest and have been successful in it. But as for success I have not seen or heard of any one who had been in the business who had not been successful. As to the capital required, this business is not unlike any other. It may be carried on in a small way on a comparatively small capital, and of course the profits will be correspondingly small; and it may be enlarged without limit, and the profits will be correspondingly increased. You may commence in a small way on a capital of from $2,500 to $3,000, or even less. With $5,000 you may get a fair start, and the more you have above that amount the better. A large herd costs less, in proportion, to take care of, than a small one, consequently the larger the herd the greater the profits per head. This is true alike of cattle, sheep and horses—all of which are herded on these plains. But my statement above of the capital required had reference to cattle. It would require more for horses and less for sheep.

A man having the necessary capital, and having decided to go into the business, what is the next thing to be done?

If he has had no experience in the business, he had better come out here, look the field carefully over, and secure some good, reliable man, who has had experience, as a partner, giving him a share of the profits for his services. A man may understand the stock business thoroughly as it is conducted in the east, and still have a great deal to learn about the manner of carrying it on here in the plains. He may hire a good foreman for $100 a month, and thus get along very well, but almost any man will work better if he has an interest in the profits of the business, and I think beginners would generally do better to secure a good partner on the above plan.

Next, where is the stock to commence with procured?

Generally from Texas. Some dealers go or send a good man down there to buy what they want, and then drive them up over the plains. They subsist on the grass along the way, and if properly managed increase in weight, so that the only expense incurred in bringing them through is for herders. But most dealers prefer to buy them here. There is no difficulty at all in doing this, for the Texans annually send up many thousand head to be sold to dealers here, so that any one starting in the business can easily buy any number, and of such ages, as he wants. The beginner generally procures as large a proportion of cows as possible, which he crosses with the native blooded stock—generally the Durham. The half and quarter Texas blood are considered the most profitable, as they mature at an earlier age than the full blooded Texans.

A herd of sheep with which to commence business would better be brought from the eastern States. They can be bought there and transferred to these plains and the business made very profitable. Not more than one thousand should be kept in one herd, and one man will generally attend to that number. The most of the flocks I have seen are the coarse wools. They are preferred because they are more hardy and require less care and attention than the fancy breeds. But some men of large experience with whom I have talked, think there is no better region in the world for raising the very finest wooled sheep than the high, dry table lands north and south of the Union Pacific Railroad, and say west of Sidney.

Then, having procured his stock of cattle or sheep, or both, the next question that naturally arises is, where shall he take them?

An Eastern man who has never been through this country would ask that question, but one who has ever traversed these immense pasture fields never would. The range for stock is not exactly unlimited, but the pasturage is practically inexhaustible. If all the horses, sheep and cattle in the United States were turned out on these immense plains, they would get their own subsistence winter and summer, and would have room still for as many more. This is no wild statement; it is based on careful calculations of the extent of this region and its pastoral resources. So having procured your herds you have only to make your selection from the millions of acres of unoccupied range, put them in charge of competent herders, and let them increase and multiply in numbers, in weight and—into dollars, all of which they will do very rapidly.

As to the profits of the business, I feel in speaking of them a little as I did in telling you about that thirty-foot vein of coal at Evanston—a little fearful lest you will think that traveling through this immense country I have got to telling immense stories. But I shall tell you only the truth, which you can verify for yourselves if you will take the trouble. Of course the profits vary somewhat as the price of beef, or mutton or wool goes up and down. The cost of raising and keeping can only vary the merest trifle from year to year—in reality nothing worth mentioning. In the eastern States where stock has to be fed from six to seven months in the year, the variation in cost is, of course, much greater. Even there you can hardly point me to a man who has followed stock-growing for any length of time who has not grown rich at it. What, then, must be the profits here where the cost of keeping is next to nothing? It is about this: the stock grower who doubles the amount of his capital invested in three years, is not considered very successful. Generally the capital is doubled every two years, and sometimes every year. Here is a statement furnished me by Mr. Daniel Freeman, of Plum Creek Station, on the Union Pacific Road, who has been engaged in stock growing on the plains for many years:

Three hundred head of one year old steers at $8 per head	$ 2,400
Cost of keeping three years and getting to market	600
	$ 3,000
Worth then $40 per head	12,000
Profit	$ 9,000

If one half of this herd had been cows, the increase of the herd would have added largely to the profits. But even the above showing ought to be satisfactory.

Here is a statement from another source, based upon the purchase of calves, and herding them for two years:

Five hundred head at $5 cost	$2,500
One herder 24 months at $30	1,000
Total cost	$3,500
Five hundred head sold at $60	$35,000
Profit	$31,500

This statement, I think, is somewhat too high, as the two year old cattle would not bring $50 per head. But even at half that price, which is nearer correct, they would bring $12,500, leaving a net profit of $8,800, which certainly ought to be satisfactory.

Mr. Edward Creighton, President of the First National Bank of Omaha, is the heaviest dealer in cattle on these plains. He has now over 40,000 head, has been engaged in the business a number of years, and it has made him a millionaire. I submitted to him a series of questions concerning the business, which, with his answers, I give below:

Question—What aged Texas cattle are generally bought for herding on the plains?

Answer.—All ages.

Q—What are the average prices paid per head?

A—Stock cattle, that is cows, two years old and yearlings, $10 to $12 per head. Beef cattle, four years old and upwards, $25 to $26 per head. Three years old, $17 to $20.

Q—What age is most profitable to buy?

A—Beef cattle heretofore, but now I consider stock cattle the best.

Q—What age do you consider the best to sell them?

A—Texas cattle grow until they are six years old. But to sell at four years, or any time when fat after four years old.

Q—How many cattle can one herder attend to?

A—That depends a good deal on the country, say eight herders to four thousand head.

Q.—How many sheep?

A.—About one man to a thousand head. Flocks should not exceed one thousand.

Q.—What wages do herders get?

A.—From $25 to $40 per month; foremen $100.

Q.—What breeds of sheep are best for the plains?

A.—Coarse wools, from Ohio, Michigan, Iowa and Missouri. Cotswolds and fancy breeds require more attention.

Mr. Freeman, of Plum Creek, gave me also the following item: 300 head of Texas cows can be bought for $3,600; one year's keeping, $1,000; the increase would be worth $2,100. But I need not give any more figures as to the profits of the business. Any man who has had experience in stock raising in any of the Eastern States can figure them out for himself, and I am sure they will be large enough to satisfy him.

At Laramie I spent a day in company with O. F. Davis, Esq., of Omaha, and E. E. Fillmore, Esq., superintendent of that division of the U. P. Road, riding over the plains and examining the grazing herds. I don't know how many thousand head of sheep and cattle we saw, but during our entire day's drive we were never out of sight of immense herds, all fat enough for the butcher, and indeed in a great deal better condition than many we see driven to the slaughter houses in our cities.

Mr. Philo Rumsey, who keeps the hotel at Laramie, at which all the U. P. passenger trains stop for meals, and who has been keeping hotel for more than twenty years, and I can assure you knows how, told me that all the beef he has used on his table for two years, winter and summer, has been killed right off these plains, and better meat he has never had anywhere.

During our day's ride, we passed a herd of horses belonging to Mr. Charles Hutton. There were not less than three hundred of them, and they are never fed a mouthful of grain or hay from the beginning to the end of the year; and they are in splendid condition, and keep so in winter as well as summer.

In the old freighting days, before the construction of the Pacific railroad, when thousands of cattle and mule teams were required to do the heavy freighting business across these plains, the stock, generally badly worked down in the fall, was turned out on the plains to winter. By spring they were in good working order, many of them fat enough for beef. Mr. Majors, of the freighting firm of Majors, Russell & Waddell, says that he has often sold one third of a drove of work oxen for beef that were thin the fall before, and had fattened on the winter grass.

I have twice already in this letter spoken of Mr. Daniel Freeman, of Plum Creek Station, and must re call him once more. I stopped over there in company with H. Kennedy, Esq., of Omaha, and Mr. Freeman gave us a delightful ride down to the Platte River, and thence in a circuit over the plains, and back to the station, calling our attention very frequently to the luxuriant grasses and the herds of sleek, fat cattle feeding thereon. Mr. Freeman is enthusiastic on the stock question, and he has reason to be, for I suspect he has made a good deal of money at it; but he is especially enthusiastic on Plum Creek. You can do anything on Plum Creek, but above all you can raise stock there a little easier and with more profit than you can anywhere else. I was inquisitive—perhaps a little too much so—as to the agricultural capabilities of Plum Creek.

"Can you raise corn?"

"Can you raise wheat?"

"Can you raise oats?"

"Do you have plenty of rain?"

And so on for quantity. Of course these questions were all answered in the affirmative. Corn, wheat, oats, potatoes and everything else would grow on Plum Creek as well as anywhere else, but then Mr. Freeman came back at me with this cincher:

"But what do you want to raise such things for when you can make four times as much money raising stock?"

I leave the conundrum for the reader to answer. *I* give it up. After our ride Mr. Freeman took us into his garden to show us what Plum Creek could do in that line, and there were as fine growths of all sorts of garden truck as I had seen anywhere.

We slept that night in Lieut. Rockwell's tent near the station, and had just fallen into such a delicious sleep as only comes to those who have tired bodies, clear consciences and plenty of pure air to breathe, when we were awakened by one of the hardest rain and thunder storms I ever saw. The rain fell as if the windows of heaven were opened, the thunder rolled and roared until the earth fairly shook, and the lightning flashed so that our tent seemed standing in a blaze of fire. It was a magnificent storm.

I wish Mr. Freeman to consider my question, "Does it ever rain at Plum Creek?" answered. It does. A.P.M.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Aug. 14, 1871.

DEAR BLADE:—The Minnesota climate is still around us and above us. Wherever we go we meet this climate. It penetrates everything, from cellar to garret and from the lungs of the consumptive to the circulars of the land offices. So healthful is this climate that it is a common saying that when the people wish to start a cemetery it is necessary to kill a man. Under such a climate the inhabitants are naturally energetic and not to be outdone. To show how vigorous they are in overcoming natural obstacles, it is only necessary to refer to this matter of invalids and cemeteries. The State does not produce either. Health and longevity are indigenous, but Minnesota, not to be behind her sister States in anything, has gone to importing invalids by the thousands and has built up a large and profitable trade in them. Many of them die here, and so Minnesota can point to her cemeteries with almost as much pride as other States manifest. But the natives, it is said, never die. This seems incredible, but it is only necessary to refer to statistics and reports to prove it. Those who are engaged in paying annuities to the Indians up this way, never report a dead Indian. It requires the same amount yesterday, to-day and forever.

But, jest or no jest, the climate is one of the rarest and divinest on the continent. One feels lifted up into a rarer atmosphere and exhilarated as though the State were on the top of a mountain. There are fogs here and occasional ponds of stagnant water, with a green scum, but they do not produce malarial diseases. There are quick and sharp thunder storms, a thousand, or as Schoolcroft estimated, ten thousand beautiful lakes, and pure winds blowing down over a thousand miles of pine woods, which keep the air pure. The winters are cold, but it is a universal remark that the cold is not felt as it is in lower latitudes. Fruit thus far has not done well in Minnesota, but it is believed that by planting Northern varieties and by cultivation, good apples can be grown in Northern Minnesota. In time, we have no doubt that whatever can be grown in Ohio can be successfully grown here. Driving along the roads about this beautiful city of St. Paul, we notice the same dog fennel along the road side, which adorns the highways of Ohio; the same birds dart out of the bushes and the same whip poor-will (or is it whip-her-well?) cries along the river bottoms in the evening; the same ground squirrel runs along the fences, and, (would you believe it?) the same "S. T. 1860 X," confronts you from the bluffs.

Thus far wheat is the staple product, but stock-growing is also proving successful, and a few years more will see as fine stock farms and dairies in Southern Minnesota as can be found in Ohio. Possibly stock growing may not pay well as far north as St. Paul. The Lyndale stock farm of Col. King, near Minneapolis, is known as one of the first in the country, but it is devoted to producing the best breeds only, and is not conducted with reference to pay so much as to improving American stock and gratifying a commendable pride. We visited this farm a few days ago. An eleven mile drive from St. Paul, in which we took in Fort Snelling and Minne-ha-ha Falls, brought us to the farm. It contains four teen hundred acres, and is fitted up with a barn which in size will compare with a Toledo elevator, and in finish with a hotel. In this barn we found the choice breeds feeding up for the approaching St. Louis exhibition. Among the famous Short Horns we saw "Rosedale," bred by "Lady Pigot," Branches Park, England, which has taken numbers of first prizes in England and Canada, and at St. Louis in 1870. Others seen, an account of wh ch we have not time to give, were Booth's Lancaster, Countess of Yarborough, Queen of Diamonds, Constance of Lyndale, Wild Eyes, Sixth Duke of Geneva, Old Sam, Scotsman, and General Napier. Some of these names are familiar to stock men. Of course no one interested in stock will visit St. Paul without driving up to Col. King's farm. An intelligent young man is always on hand to act as guide, and to give the history and "points" of the several animals. A day should be taken, and the visitor should stop on the way up at Fort Snelling and Minne-ha-ha, and on the way back at St. Anthony, the Bridal Veil and Lake Como.

But the wealth of Minnesota lies at present in her wheat. The prairies require but little clearing, and the farmer has frequently made a fortune growing wheat while the settler in the timber regions is clearing his land. In favorable years, from twenty to thirty bushels to the acre is produced, and there are farms in this neighborhood which it is said, have grown wheat constantly for twenty years without any manuring, and are still producing good crops. Of course, a time must come when the lands will need rest and "treatment" to produce crops, but for the present there are millions of acres of this good wheat land to be had under the homestead act or of the railroad companions, at from five to ten dollars an acre. The farmer has only to enter in and possess it and make his fortune long before the land begins to decline in producing capacity.

A few days ago we visited the celebrated Dalrymple farm, a few hours' drive from St. Paul. The farm is in three divisions, containing in all two thousand acres, the section upon which Mr. Dalrymple lives containing one thousand. These lands were purchased at from $8 to $15 per acre, and after five years of wheat growing, Mr. Dalrymple has paid for them several times over. In this short time he has netted *one hundred and fifty thousand dollars*. Mr. D. had a double object in view in undertaking this "speciality" of wheat growing on so large a scale, viz: first, to make money; and secondly, to demonstrate that the same methods could be successfully applied to farming which apply to trade and manufactures. Of course it requires capital, but he has demonstrated that a "specialty" in farming will pay, and that more money can be made with less care and devotion to the business than in most other occupations. Mr. Dalrymple raises spring wheat. He keeps 30 horses, for which he raises 80 acres of grass. These can be wintered at a cost of about $50 per team, including the wages of those who take care of them. The ground is broken in the fall, every team being clapped to the ploughs and some additional help being procured. Then there is a long rest until Spring, when a number of seeders and harrows are set to work until the wheat is in the ground. Then follows another long rest until harvest which does not begin until the last of July or the first of August. This is the season which requires the chief expenditure of effort and generalship. Mr. Dalrymple advertises in the St. Paul papers for hand at $2 50 per day and finds no difficulty in procuring them as there are hundreds of lumbermen idle during the summer. The reapers are set to work, the wheat is cut, bound and shocked, and then follow the thrashers, some run by steam and others by horse power, and the grain is thrashed from the shock and sent at once to market. The straw is burned in the fields. During eight months of the year, Mr. Dalrymple gives but little attention to the farm, the time being occupied in traveling visiting his friends or, in other operations. We found him the modest and slender young gentleman which we expected from the accounts which we had read, but a few moments conversation showed us that he possessed those "peculiar" qualities necessary for operations like his. A directness and promptness and a quiet but strong executive air revealed to us the generalship which can call for volunteers in the harvest emergency, secure them, marshal them, feed them, and direct them always to a successful harvest battle. It is not every one who can conduct successfully as large an operation as this, but there are hundreds of men in town using their executive ability at a small salary to enrich others who might come to Minnesota, secure lands for a trifle, repeat the Dalrymple operation on a smaller scale and be comparatively rich in ten years. This, too, by devoting themselves to business only half the year. It requires three or four thousand dollars to begin with, but the investment will pay better than loaning at ten per cent. or town lots. Mr. Dalrymple has made twelve per cent. on the amount invested in his land simply by the rise in value.

Mr. Dalrymple took us to the highest point on his farm, from which we could overlook the valley. Beautiful for situation (and wheat) the landscape unrolled around us! Before us in the distance, lay the bluffs across the St. Croix river, in the State of Wisconsin. Down to the right, lay the town of Prescott, where the St. Croix empties into the Mississippi. Further to the right, and less distant, rose the slender steeples of the city of Hastings in the crystal air, and far behind us a reach of the Mississippi flashed into view, like a polished blade, as though nature were coming down with a keen scythe to cut the magnificent harvest from the fields. Off to the left, four five miles distant, lay the white village of Cottage Grove, in a clump of their woods, like a flock of sheep in a pasture, the whole suggesting to the poetic eye a green island in an ocean of gold. And this ocean heaved all around, with millions of little wheat ships in the offing. Far as the eye could reach in every direction, one boundless contiguity of wheat! We have seen some of the finest valleys in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio and Virginia, in harvest time, but we never saw a harvest sight to equal this. Everywhere, up and down, went the great reapers with their peculiar metallic rattle, like so many colossal reels reeling off not yards only, but miles upon miles of the golden harvest. This did not seem like farming by the acre, but by the mile. Farms run into each other at many points without any dividing line of fence and the wheat population of Mr. Dalrymple's farm nods and laughs to the wheat inhabitants of his neighbors' farms under the blissful impression that they are all of one family and were made to gladden the eye and ultimately to sustain the life of one man. JOURNALIST.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., Aug. 9, 1871.

EDITOR BLADE: I am in receipt of a letter from Coosa county, Alabama, containing a few passages worthy of attention. The letter is from a prominent, influential, and leading Democrat of that county. In the body of the letter my correspondent says:

"Everything is quiet, save that the Ku Klux whip a few negroes every week, for pastime merely. I don't think your party will get many negro votes in old Coosa this fall. We are sure of an overwhelming Democratic victory—a victory that will kill radicalism as dead as the d—l for all time to come in this county."

Please observe that this Democrat ascribes his hope of "an overwhelming Democratic victory," to Ku Klux outrages, and to nothing else. On Tuesday after the first Monday of next November, an election will be held throughout the State of Alabama for the election of a Sheriff, Tax Collector, Tax Assessor, Treasurer, and four members of the Court of County Comissioners of each county. At the same time precinct officers (two Justices of the Peace and one Constable) are to be chosen, and I infer, from the above Democratic admission, that these Ku Klux outrages are being committed for the purpose of influencing that election.

In a postscript to his letter, my correspondent says:

"Since finishing my letter I have learned that the Ku Klux gave your radical friend and protege, Thos. G. L., a snug thrashing on last Saturday night, 15th ult. Charge: Persuading negroes to stick to the Radical party. It is said that 'Jordan is a hard road to travel,' but I think radicalism is getting to be a harder road to travel in Alabama than Jordan is, ever was, or ever will be.

The best thing radicals can do is to do just as you have done—leave the State. If they would all do so we should certainly have peace, not before."

Can comment be necessary? Here is a prominent rebel Democrat—an ardent sympathizer with Ku Kluxism and an aspirant earnestly intriguing for office a the hands of the Ku Klux party—who not only admits the whipping of a white gentleman in his county by outlaws, but indirectly approves the act. And with the commission of what offense was this gentleman charged? O, he persuaded "negroes to stick to the Radical party."

Is the government going to permit these miscreants to continue these outrages *ad infinitum?*

The fact is, if the government does not put down Ku-Kluxism it will certainly destroy the government. That is its object, and the present indications are that its object is easily attainable.

Truly yours,
GEO. W. RICHARDSON.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

LOUISVILLE, August 19.—The negro who outraged and murdered a little girl near Fulton Station, Hickman county, few days since, was taken from the jail the night of his arrest, shot seven times and left for dead. Next morning he was found sitting up, was taken to the jail and his wounds dressed, but afterwards the citizens took him out and hung him. He had confessed his crime.

Last November a man named John A Graffis, living in Heard county, Tenn., was shot and killed while at work in his field. Two days after Thomas Teal, living near Graffis, sold out and left for parts unknown in company with Pascal Graffis and Mrs. Susan Knowles, son and daughter of the murdered man. Search was made for him and young Graffis, but without effect until a few days since, when they were found in Izzard county, Arkansas, and arrested.

At Crab Orchard, Ky., on the 17th inst., a fight occurred between George Best and George Dallings, in which the latter was shot to death and the former severely hurt. Frank Smith, the only witness of the fight, was shot and instantly killed.

CHICAGO, Aug. 18.—Some five weeks since, at Burlington, Iowa, Mrs. John Parrott was found dead in her kitchen with a gun lying at her side and evidence that a bullet had been discharged into her mouth. It was supposed she had committed suicide. Soon after her death it began to be whispered about that she did not take her own life, from the fact that she had never hinted at any such intent; and further, from the fact that another woman was installed as mistress of the household. These facts coming to the authorities, they had Parrott arrested for the murder of his wife, and he now awaits his examination in fall.

PITTSTON, Pa., Aug. 17.—The funerals to-day were attended by the largest concourse of people ever seen in Pittston. Business was generally suspended and groups of people with sad countenances, were to be met with everywhere, discussing the dreadful calamity. Of 17 bodies that perished, 15 are Protestants and two are Roman Catholics. The funeral services of the former took place at the Odd Fellows' cemetery, and were conducted by very imposing ceremonies. The different Lodges of Pittston and adjoining sections of the country, were present in large numbers, and were decked in mourning.

The scene at the cemetery was heartrending. Fifteen coffins were upon the platform, around which mourners were seated, and twelve clergymen of different denominations and different localities occupied seats on the platform. The funeral services were Roman Catholic. High mass was held at the Roman Catholic church in the presence of an immense concourse of people.

PITTSTON, Pa., Aug. 17.—The committee appointed yesterday to examine the mine and ascertain the cause of the disaster, report, after four or five hours careful examination in the mines, that they found but one door on the up cast airway, and that through this airway the men could hardly crawl. The mine presented indications of the explosion of a large accumulation of gases, which were liable any moment, from their situation, to ignite by the naked lights of the men at work.

PITTSTON, Pa., August 19.—The verdict of the coroner's jury in the case of the mine explosion was rendered at 1 o'clock this morning. All day yesterday great crowds thronged the streets anxiously waiting to hear the result that had been reached. The jury find that the men were suffocated by noxious gases forced down upon them by the explosion or the caving of the roof. They believe that the accident could have been averted had there been a strict compliance with the requirements of the ventilation, and that while the owner of the mine, Mr. Tompkins, is censurable for his negligence, yet he is exonerated on account of his illness for many months which has prevented his attendance at the mine; and Inspector Blewett is exonerated because his time is too much occupied with legitimate duties.

OMAHA, August 19.—The Constitutional Convention of Nebraska adjourned to-day sine die. The question of adoption or rejection of the new Constitution is to be submitted to a vote the third Tuesday in September, and if approved the officers created under it are to be elected the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November. Besides the question of the new Constitution there is also to be voted upon the question of compulsory education and reformatory schools, the question of the right of counties and towns to vote bonds for internal improvements, the question of abolition or licenses as applied to counties and towns, and the question of female suffrage. Minority representation was squelched, and will not be submitted. There is a large out-door meeting being held here to-night in opposition to the Sunday liquor law, which is being enforced.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—Members of the Citizens' Association of the 12th and 19th Wards, who recently asked the Mayor for information about the city accounts, stating that unless he acquitted himself of the charges against him, he should withdraw from his position, have each received a printed reply from the Mayor who says he returned to the Association a communication sent to him, because it is one no gentleman could receive or should have signed, and because it is incorrect and untrue in many particulars, and because of its general insulting tone. The Mayor declares his supporters at the last election are satisfied with him now, that he will do in office what his official oath and judgment may require. While he is grateful for courteous advice, he rejects threatening language and insulting communications.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—Coroner Keenan's jury in the Westfield case to-day returned the following verdict: "That the deceased, Andrew Colle and others, died through a rupture or explosion of the boiler of the ferry boat Westfield, July 30th, 1871; that said explosion was caused by a flaw in the iron and by negligence of the Engineer Robinson in carrying an overpressure of steam; that the company are responsible for the disaster, as the defect could have been detected if the Staten Island Ferry Company had had a competent superintendent, engineer and mechanics in their employ. They are therefore criminally negligent, and we recommend the District Attorney to take prompt action in the matter. We also think that the government inspection is very imperfect as now conducted. There was one dissentient, Mr. Kirtland, who believed the flaw could not be discovered by the ordinary method of inspection. Coroner Keenan, after the verdict, retired to prepare warrants for the arrest of the President, directors and Superintendent of the Staten Island Ferry Company; also for the arrest of Robinson, the engineer.

The Times this morning gives the names of sixty persons whom it charges with being professed Republicans and in nearly all cases leaders in local Republican organizations and holding important offices under Tammany. It says that the affiliations of these men with Tammany Hall have created feuds in the Republican ranks and materially aided Tammany at election time.

WASHINGTON, August 15.—The Secretary of the Interior has received from the War Department, extracts from a letter of the Commanding General of the Department of Texas, relative to the detention of the Kickapoo Indians, now in Mexico. He says they have been retained in Mexico by bribes of money and goods, as put forth in the reports of agent Mills. Depredations on live stock continue unabated. Marauders with stolen stock have been traced time and again to the Rio Grande, and he is reliably informed that parties in pursuit can often see from the north side of the river their stock collected in convenient droves on the south side of the river, for sale or distribution to the interior of Mexico. This gradual but heavy loss of property is very discouraging to the people, and they are becoming desperate, and seeing the determination of the Mexican officials to retain the Kickapoo Indians in Mexico as a cloak for the real deeds of the Mexican people, they talk now quite forcibly of organizing themselves into armed bands and crossing into Mexico to recover their stolen property. This feeling is universal on the frontier since the recent development with regard to the removal of the Kickapoo Indians. General Reynolds adds that it is believed that these depredations can be effectually stopped by pursuing the marauding bands into Mexico with troops, accompanied by the owners of the stock.

The actual redemption of the principal of the public debt for the fiscal year ending June 30, is $132,139,571. The usual monthly debt statements for the same period foot up the reduction at $94,327,704. The difference between these statements is because the monthly statements, being balance sheets, take cash and accrued into account which are considered outstanding liabilities.

HARRISBURG, August 16.—Auditor George Hartranft arrived here last evening, and the reports and vouchers of Evans were taken up at once. It was agreed that Evans had no authority to withhold commissions or any money of the State on account of commissions, and that they cannot entertain any question of settlement with Evans until he pays all moneys he has collected into the treasury. Until then he must be considered in default, and a written notice to that effect was served on him by Hartranft and Mackey last night. When all the money is paid into the treasury, they will then audit and pay his commissions as the law authorizes.

BETHLEHAM, Pa., August 16.—Major Lorenzo Forain, of the army, and long an inspector at West Point, has been appointed Professor of Physics and Mechanics, and Prof. Charles McMillan, of Rensselaer Institute, Troy, is appointed Professor of Engineering in Lehigh University. This completes the corps of professors, and as tuition is free, applications for admission are already numerous.

A special from Washington says the Secretary of the Treasury will to morrow issue a detailed statement of defalcations and unadjusted accounts of Collectors of Internal Revenue since the establishment of the Bureau. It will show that the actual amount of defalcation to the close of the last fiscal year was $2,768,897. Of this amount over one-third is credited to the Louisiana Collectors, L. C. Collins, General Steadman and Eugene Tisdale alone being defaulters to the amount of $960,000. In view of the fact that over $1,500,000,000 have been collected from this source, the per centage of loss is regarded by the Treasury officials as remarkably small. The amount of unadjusted accounts is only $400,000.

SING SING, N. Y., Aug. 17.—At 11.45 a. m. to-day, a tug boat having a canal boat in tow and going north, was observed approaching the prison dock with considerable rapidity. The guard warned the pilot to keep off, and the warning was heeded apparently. Notwithstanding this she glided close to the pier, and immediately twelve convicts, as understanding the whole movement, made a rush from their work, leaped on board the canal boat, and ran over it to the tug and into the engine room. The engineer was dislodged, and one of the convicts dashed into the pilot house and took charge of the wheel. Immediately the tug was headed for the west shore. An alarm was given as quickly as possible, and many of the regular prison guards rushed towards the pier. They aimed their pieces at the pilot convict and shouted for him to stop, but he crouched down out of sight and the vessel still kept moving. Word was sent to Sparta, a mile south, where a sail vessel was procured and sent in chase. A sloop was also got under way and filled with armed men. One of the vessels sent out overhauled the tug near Rockland, when the convicts took to small boats in the vicinity which some boys had, and rowing quickly to the shore, escaped to the mountains. One of the convicts who got into the boat with the boys, was pressed so close that he seized a boy and placed him before him so that the guard would not fire. The guard did fire, not at the escaping convict, but with the intention to intimidate him and cause him to surrender. He kept on pulling instead, and reached the shore, when he joined his associates. Lafler, the Inspector, states that the convicts are in the woods near Rockland, and will be captured, as they are surrounded. It is believed that this affair was planned two weeks ago by some persons in New York city. The tug boat was the Dean Richmond and the Captain a Mr. Norton. The engineer was Farrell. A boy was also on board named Warren. Both are under arrest. The tug left New York at 6.30 this morning. The Captain says two men hired him to go to Sing to carry a load of furniture to New York. They hired him for the same purpose two weeks ago and he came up, but after landing the men said the furniture was not ready and they would go back. They paid the Captain one hundred dollars on board the tug to-day, after she was captured. There was found on board, convicts' clothing, a number of false whiskers and moustaches, and several revolvers, which were brought from New York. All the convicts had ample time to change their clothing for the suits brought upon the boat, after the tug left the prison dock. It is believed that two of the men who planned the escape are in the mountains with convicts. It is possible that desperate fighting will occur in the mountains on the west shore before the convicts are captured.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Aug. 19.—The convicts, Cramer, Kingland, Byrus and Albert Williams, have been re-captured and returned to Sing Sing. Another convict supposed to be Bernard Willy, is held for identification.

SING SING, N. Y. Aug. 18.—Oliver Scott, of Clarksville, has just reached here with another convict named Jacob Weller, the wife murderer, who was caught last evening on a country road. Walter Williams, the bank robber, who was with Weller, and was fired upon, escaped. Five convicts in all have been recaptured. Denis Conroy, who was caught this morning, told Russell, the agent, that the two strangers on the boat were ex-convicts, but nothing would tempt him to give their names. Russell stated that each prisoner captured will be punished with ball and chain three months. It is a singular fact that at least five of the fugitive convicts were well supplied with greenbacks. Jacob Weller, the wife murderer brought in to-day, had $23 on his person, and offered his captors $500 to let him go. He told them that Walter Williams would not be caught, as he had $3,000 in greenbacks in his clothes to buy his way through.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 17.—Senator Morton made a speech here last night. In speaking of the Labor Reform question, the Senator said that one of the fundamental ideas of the Republican party is the dignity of labor, and the party planted itself upon the idea that labor should be free. Slavery degraded labor, and that was one reason why we were for tearing slavery up by the roots. He drew attention to the prosperity of Missouri, under free labor, saying that the books of the State Auditors showed that, now, withstanding the misfortunes of the war had to be overcome, Missouri has since 1866 nearly doubled the value of her taxable property. Her population has been vastly swelled, and she had never been so prosperous before. And this took place under Republican rule. Labor should be honorable and dignified, but it should be paid in good money. No class of men are so robbed and plundered by the depreciated and fluctuating currency as laboring men. A merchant may hoard up his merchandise for high prices, and a land owner can hold his land for higher value, but you can't hoard up labor for a rise in prices. When there comes a fall labor is first to feel it, but when there is an expansion, labor is the last thing to feel it. Labor should also be educational, and the children of laboring men, in this respect, should be placed on an equal tooting with those of rich men.

The Republican party is in favor of advocating everything that possesses the very spirit of a free school system of this land, while the body of the Democratic party are not now in favor of free schools. Yet, so far as I know, all the enemies of free schools, are in the Democratic party. Ponder that well, and I tell you that when the assault upon free schools comes—and come it will—at the same time that the Democratic party if then in existence will lead that assault. He discussed the questions of Tariff and Free Trade at considerable length, announcing himself in favor of Revenue Reform but desiring incidental protection to our home manufactures, and taking generally the same ground he has occupied in his speeches in the Senate. In regard to taxation he said the Republicans had, at the session before the last, repealed $53,000,000 of Internal Tax and about $25,000,000 of the Tariff.

Now our Democratic friends are always clamoring about taxation, but when they come to the passage of that bill which relieved the nation of eighty-five million of taxes at one blow, I believe it did not receive a single Democratic vote. They are always in favor of relieving the taxes on articles that are not included in the bill; they are in favor of the other articles, when we put the other articles in the bill, then they are in favor of the other articles, and they never can be got to the point where they vote for a reduction of taxes. He predicted that the next session of Congress would further reduce taxation from forty to fifty millions. Speaking of the recent raid in New York, he said the leading Democratic paper of that city justified Mayor Hall's order prohibiting the Orange procession, and such was the leading of the Democratic party. He sketched the circumstances which brought the Ku Klux bill into existence, and defended the bill in strong terms, saying that it is one of the best measures that has ever passed Congress. The moral effect of it has already been wonderful. The mere passage of that bill has saved hundreds of lives and thousands of men from torture and punishment. It is dangerous only to murderers and robbers, and to that class of Democratic partizans who have been hoping to be able to carry all the Southern States for the Democratic ticket by the means of this very Ku Klux.

He had very little faith in the new Democratic departure; did not believe the party could change opinion in so short a time. There is not one man in a thousand among the Democrats in the Southern States that accepts the amendments. There is not one man in fifty among the Democrats in the Northern States that accepts the amendments. They cannot come into power while the amendments or reconstruction acts are in issue. They cannot carry the Northern States they say and hence must take such a course as they may by which they can get into power. What will the Democratic party do when it comes into power? Suppose they get the President and control of the government, the South will dictate the policy just as they did before the war. And now the question comes, if the South gets control of the party and they are in power, will they tax themselves to pay the pensions of the Northern soldiers without their own are provided for and are upon the same footing? I ask that question of logic, will the Southern Democracy, if they come into power, ever consent to tax themselves to pay pensions to the Northern soldiers who took part in their subjugation while their own are unprovided for. I tell you they will not, and the power which will justify universal amnesty will justify the pensioning of rebel soldiers and putting them on the same footing with Union soldiers, and which would be a greater conciliation than ever general or universal amnesty, and they will advance the same argument in regard to payment of the national debt—they probably would not insist upon paying the rebel debt—that would be put another way. They would refuse to vote a dollar for the payment of the national debt except on condition that the slaves of the South be paid for. Reverting to affairs in Missouri, he said he did not come here to take part in local troubles. He would bury them out of sight. I want all Republicans, regardless of differences, to rally for the great principles of the Republican party. I believe the dominance of the party is necessary for the salvation of this country.

Whatever may have been your opinions of that party, it is to night simply a question between a Democratic and a Republican President. There is no middle ground for you to occupy. You are either upon one side or the other. If you fail to vote on the Republican side, it is half a vote for the Democratic candidate. I ask you, in view of those considerations, to lay aside all your past differences and come together in the great contest, for the nominee of the next National Republican Convention, who ever he may be. [Immense applause.] I do not believe it will nominate anybody but a good Republican, and pledge myself in advance to support him, whether it be Mr. Greeley or Mr. Sumner, Mr. Trumbull, or Gen. Grant. [Prolonged cheers.] (A voice.) "I go for a nigger, Mr. Morton. Well, I think this Government would be safer in the hands of a great many of them than in the hands of any Democratic President. He thought President Grant's chance a little the best at present. He denied the assertion that Grant had violated the Constitution in the San Domingo affair, and defended his action in protecting American interests pending the negotiation of the treaty. He opposed State Sovereignty as taught by the Democracy and said there was no safety for the people while it existed. There was no danger of centralization. The greatest idea of the Republican party was that of national unity. If we ever abandon that we are not a nation, but simply an aggregate of independent States, then we will some way or other go to pieces.

A Harrisburg dispatch of the 18th inst., says that there is every probability that the Evans case will be settled in Court on charges brought by the State Treasurer and Auditor General. Gov. Geary has yielded everything into the hands of Brewster, Lackey and Hartranft. Evans, thus far, refuses to pay the $292,000 agreeably to the notice served on him by the accounting officers.

The horse plague has broken out a second time and with greater violence in the stables of the Brooklyn Railroad Co.

Col. J. M. Scovel will remain in the field the as Republican candidate for Governor of New Jersey.

The Pope thanks the Catholics of the world for the attachment shown in the Pontifical jubilee lately.

The agents of a Boston colony have bought of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company all the railroad lands in Detroit, Lake township, Minn., and one hundred families are to settle there within a year.

A London dispatch of the 16th inst. says that the meeting of the Emperors and their advisers at Gastein is generally regarded as a pledge of peace. France pretends to be indifferent to the meeting, and prophesys an alliance between itself and Russia.

Official returns from eighty three counties in North Carolina, show a majority of 10,231 against the Convention, with seven counties to be heard from, which will reduce the majority to about 9,400.

At Ogdensburg on the 16th, a man claiming to be an ex-Catholic priest, was prevented from speaking by the Roman Catholics to whom his remarks against the Pope were offensive. Great excitement exists in consequence.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—The Tribune says the personal views of Horace Greeley on the re-nomination of General Grant are these: He favors the one term principle and believes that another Republican candidate for President can be selected who will encounter less opposition and win more support than Grant and therefore advocates such a selection. But should his views be overruled and the General re-nominated, he holds his election infinitely more preferable to that of any candidate whom the Democrats may nominate. His personal views impel him to deprecate a Democratic national triumph as one of the gravest national calamities, and this is his main reason for wishing the selection of a Republican candidate for President who will be more certain of success than Grant.

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Our Young Folks.

THE BIRTHDAY.

BY E. M. OLMSTEAD.

Five little fairies
Met last night;
Hyacinth Rosebud,
Tiny Eyebright,
Daisy and Violet,
Dainty and white.

"Whom shall we choose?
Who shall we choose?"
They sang in a merry go round.
"To-morrow, twice three
Dear Ruthie will be,
And a fairy friend must be found.

"Come, sweet Lily Bell,
We have chosen you well,
Come join in our merry go round.'
To-morrow twice three
Dear Ruthie will be,
And a fairy friend we have found.

"We charge you with this,
Give to her a kiss
For each day friend of the past;
And from day time to May,
May every glad day
Be happier still than the last.

"Sweet incense of love,
Her pillow above,
You must bring to our darling each night;
And ring your joy bells
When the bridal morning tells
That her buds of love look out on the light."

Then the six little fairies
Joined hands in a ring,
And, tripping so lightly,
This measure they sang,
"To-morrow, twice three
Dear Ruthie will be,
Sweet Lily Bell hasten
Our kisses to bring."

—*Little Corporal.*

A Coon Hunting Adventure.

Did you ever catch a coon? Did you ever hunt the 'possum? Perhaps you will answer, yes; if so, you can appreciate the narrative of my adventure. If your answer is no,—if you know nothing whatever of hunting,—then, indeed, it is time that I take up my quill to give you a little light on the subject.

* * * * *

The time is August, 1870; place, Central Ohio. During the afternoon there has been a slight shower, which served to lay the dust and cool the heated air. I had been promised a coon hunt, and on this day asked my host, the owner of the log cabin where I was sojourning during my summer vacation, whether to night would not be a good time to try our luck.

"Well, yes. Coons been at the corn for sev'ral weeks. To-night we'll teach 'em the meanin' of the Eighth Commandment, or my name's not Bill Black! After supper put on your old duds, an' we'll go out wi' the dog."

The night was moonlight, so Bill said we would need neither torches nor lanterns. We waited till half past eight; and then, whistling to Rover, my friend's trusty dog, we made our way across the fields into a thickly wooded belt of country.

Rover was the best coon dog within the circuit of many miles. His owner had been offered a large sum for him, but would not think of parting with him. The dog was a lean, lank specimen of the canine tribe, and was equally as trusty and valuable as a hunter and as a watch-dog. His specialty was hunting coons; and his sagacity had won him a reputation worth having.

As we left the cabin and struck out in the direction of the woods, Rover exhibited his pleasure in his own dumb, but expressive manner. He leaped up, placing his fore paws upon our breasts, and repeatedly *kissed us*. Not as daintily as you would kiss a charming maiden, perhaps; but with every bit as kindly a feeling. His caresses were not as agreeable to us as yours would be to the above mentioned maiden; and his breath had a fishy odor: so we were not inconsolable when he discontinued his embraces.

Bill kindly patted his dog's head, and pointed to the woods, saying:

"Hunt 'em out, old Rove!"

Rover soon disappeared from view, his nose close to the ground as if he had struck the trail of some animal. Bill and I kept on the out-skirts of the forest, waiting till Rover's bark should tell us that he had treed game.

Bill said that the most of coon dogs barked as soon as they scented the trail and kept barking till they treed their game; but that Rover was silent as the grave till the game was safe up some tree. It is easily seen that the latter is the better plan, as a dog's bark gives warning to the coon and enables it to obtain a better hiding place than it otherwise could. Thus it could conceal itself in some gigantic tree from which it would be very difficult to dislodge his coonship, and which it would not pay to cut down. The coon, upon finding itself pursued, will seek refuge in the top of some tree, and it is policy to force it up a small sapling, where it stands no chance of escape. If the coon hides in a hollow tree he can be driven out by smoking or by cutting the tree down. Both methods are used; and it depends upon circumstances whether the hunter tries the one or the other. By either method it often requires a long time to dislodge the coon, and even then it sometimes escapes into a neighboring tree, from which it must again be dislodged.

While Bill was talking, we were seated on a fallen tree near a "clearing" which had been turned into a corn field.

We heard a slight rustle in the leaves a few feet off; and the next instant Rover appeared, but paying no attention to us, followed the trail up to the rail-fence which shut out the corn field. The dog jumped over the fence and snuffed for the continuation of the trail. He was nonplussed; he could not find it.

In this extremity the sagacious dog proved equal to the task. He sprang up on the rail fence where the trail had ended. Eureka! He had it! The game had run along the top rail for several rods and then gone into the corn field. Rover followed running along the fence top, and tracing the coon through the field and back into the forest again.

An interval of about ten minutes ensued, then the quiet was broken by a succession of long, hoarse barks.

"That's Rove! He's treed a coon, sure!"

We hastened in the direction from which the sounds came, and found the dog at the foot of a young chestnut tree. Rover gave a whine of welcome as we came up, and Bill patted him upon the head as a mark of approval. My friend next threw off his coat and hat and commenced climbing up the tree.

"Got the dog all right?" he called down to me.

"Yes—go ahead!"

The next moment a limb of the tree was violently shaken, and a coon came tumbling head over heels down through the air.

I immediately released Rover, who caught the coon by the back of the neck, and shook the breath out of it. Yet it died nobly, fighting and snarling at a fearful rate. Sometimes a dog gets as much as he gives in struggling with a coon,—especially with an old one,—but Rover soon laid his coon at my feet—dead as a door nail.

Bill was coming down again, when—"Jerusalem! another, sure as I live. Look out for it!"

Sure enough, another coon was there; but it did not stay long. The next moment Rover had it; and it then fared the same fate as its fellow-coon.

There were no more coons in the tree. Bill descended and we set Rover off again. We sat down and waited. Bill was in the midst of a terrible bear story, when Rover's hoarse bay again reverberated through the forest.

"He's treed some hing; but that's not his coon tone," said Bill.

The dog's bark led us deep into the woods. The dense foliage shut out the silvery moonlight, and all around us was dark as pitch. We went plunging and stumbling over unseen obstacles, and at last brought up at the foot of a young sapling, in the top of which was an animal—what, we knew not.

I grasped the tree and shook it. The animal held on. The terrible suggestion that it was a *skunk* entered my brain. Another shake dislodged it. It was an opossum. Rover allowed it to run ten or twelve feet. Then it crouched down as if dead; but it was only "playing 'possum." Rover did not attempt to kill it, but only kept guard over it till we could come up and dispatch it.

During the remainder of the night we met with numerous adventures. Game was plenty, and, as Bill would put it, we enjoyed ourselves "hugely." At length we decided to return.

Bill owned an old bunch of bones which he called a horse. Perhaps it was one once, but when I last saw it, the animal was undeserving of the name. Bill and I mounted this specimen of a living skeleton, and rode home on it. What tortures I did suffer! The animal's back bone was terribly prominent, as I very soon discovered. We had no saddle nor bridle, but rode bareback, permitting the animal to find its own way home.

Sore and tired—yet victorious—we retired to rest, and had barely touched our couches before sweet and balmy sleep closed our eyelids.

To the city-lads who sigh and complain of sleepless nights, I have two words of advice,—TRY HUNTING,—if not in Ohio in your own State. A Doctor Pill box has naively remarked: "I will warrant a cure if you will try my medicine." *American Youth.*

The Boys and the Little Dog Try.

When mamma told her little boys that Mrs. Take-it-easy was of opinion it was time for them to go to a higher school than hers, they were pretty well pleased at first, for they said it was of no use going to her school any longer, as they were tired of the old primer, and they would like to get into a new book. But when mamma said she would send them to Mr. Make the boys-work, they were pretty well frightened, for they thought that he must be a man with a very sour face and a sharp cane and a heavy hand, to have got such a name as that he went by. But they said nothing against the matter, for they knew it was of no use talking when once their mamma had made up her mind about a thing. So to school they went, and they found the master quite a nice looking old gentleman, who patted them on their heads and examined them in their primer first, and told them Mrs. Take-it-easy had brought them on very well for such little fellows as they were, but as they must think of getting big boys by and by, he hoped they would make good scholars for him to have the care of. He then gave each of them a new book and a slate and pencil, and set them a short lesson which they were to study at their desks.

They went to their places in much better spirits than they were in when they came to school, and there was one thing that amused them greatly. Just as they were going away from the master they heard a dog's bark from under his desk, and the master called out, "Be still, Try! Lie down!" They just looked, and sure enough, there was a little dog with pointed ears and a bright pair of eyes wagging his tail as if he meant to make friends with them. That was the little dog Try.

When the names were called and all the boys set to work, the little dog began to be as busy as the master himself. There was a boy who had some spelling to learn, but just then a noise was heard in the street, and the boy stretched his neck as high as he could to see through the window what was the matter. All at once he felt a little bite through his thin socks. Looking down, there was the dog Try showing his teeth, but wagging his tail all the while, so that the boy could not be angry with him at all. "I know what you mean," he said to himself as he fixed his eyes upon his spelling and tried to think no more of what was going on outside.

Another boy had been to the master's desk to give the answer he had got to his sum, and he was sent back to his desk; two of the figures were wrong. He looked sulky and began to make scratches on his slate, but the dog Try got his paw up between the boy's socks and trousers, and gave a scratch there which made the boy look to know who did that; and when he saw the dog holding his head on one side to look at him and wagging his tail so good-naturedly, he smiled too, and set to work trying to find out where his mistakes were in the sum on his slate.

By-and-by the boy with the spelling was called to say his lesson, and he did not miss one word; so the master set down a good mark, and the dog Try jumped up and licked the boy's hand and accompanied him back to his desk. Presently the other boy came with his sum; he had got the right answer, and the master smiled at him and said he might go on with the next sum. When he sat down, Try stood upon his hind legs and put his fore paws upon the seat until the boy stroked his head and showed him he was pleased; then Try went to lie down under the master's desk again.

When the new boys were called up to say the lesson in their new book, Try came forward and stood in a line with them, as if to know whether he would be wanted. The master had made their lesson very easy, and the boys said it perfectly well. So the little dog had nothing to do but to keep his ears pricked up, wagging his tail all the while.

When the school closed, one of the old scholars walked home a good bit of the way with the new ones, and when they asked him how he liked the school, he said, "Oh, I never wish for any other master but Mr. Make-the-boys-work, provided he keeps the dog Try to help me in doing my sums and getting my lessons."
—*Children's Hour.*

Suited to a T.

"How did your wristbands suit you, Frank?" said Fanny Grey to her brother Frank, a young man just home in his first college vacation. "I stitched them every bit myself, on the machine. Were they nice? Did they fit?"

"They were splendid, Fan. I told the fellows they were done by an old lady of seven years. Fit? I guess they did. Fitted to a T. Thank you!"

And Frank Gordon pulled his coat sleeve up a little and showed the shining linen, fitting his shapely wrist, much to his little sister's admiration.

"Frank," said Fanny, a few moments after, "may I ask you something?"

"Of course you may, little one; I'll answer if I can." And Frank clasped his hands over his head, tilted back his chair, and put his feet upon the table, and looked down into his sister's eyes that were saying just then "as if there was anything you didn't know, you splendid old fellow."

But aloud she said, "what do you mean by 'fitted to a T?' I'm sure I don't know; and I want to."

"Whew!" whistled the young man. "What do I mean, sure enough! Well, I mean suited exactly, fitted perfectly, I suppose."

"Yes," said the little girl, in a disappointed tone; "I know that; but I thought, perhaps, it came from something. I don't see the sense of it, I'm sure. 'Suited to a T.' It meant something else in the first place, I know."

"Well, I guess it did, yet," said Frank. "I'll look it up for you some time."

"He'll never think of it again," said Fanny to herself, "but I do wish I knew. 'Suited to a T.' It is so funny."

The next day Frank came in with a strange sort of ruler in his hand. It had a cross piece at one end which gave it the shape of a capital T.

"See here, Fanny," said he, "I've been to the carpenter's shop in your behalf. I hope I'll get you 'suited to a T' this time. I failed to satisfy you, yesterday, you know."

So Frank placed the cross piece against a perpendicular line which he had drawn and laid the arm along a horizontal line that formed the right angle.

"You see," said he, 'this ruler is called a T square, and is often used to test the accuracy of lines and angles, as I have just tested mine. For a wonder it fits exactly. I never did hit it so well before. And so you see it is fitted or 'suited to a T.' And it is altogether probable that the proverbial phrase 'suited to a T,' originated in this instrument."

"O Frank! how much you do know! I'm so glad I asked you! I can see the sense of it, now," said little Fan, hugging him tight, to the great damage of his flowing neck-tie.

Frank looked as wise as an owl, but he didn't "let on," that he couldn't have told, to save him, till he asked somebody else. That's how I found out what is meant by "suited to a T."—*Young Peoples' Helper.*

How a Boy Wakes Up.

There he lies in his crib, a nut-brown stub of four years. He sleeps the sleep of healthy childhood. In the same position he lay when he dropped into unconsciousness—one arm under his head, one leg kicked out from the coverlet. His round cheek pillows itself on the extended arm, and his leg seems to have been arrested in the middle of the restless kick as the curtain fell over his blue eyes and he was asleep. You can scarce perceive his regular respiration. A train of cars thunder by without his hearing the noise. He might be carried across the street without awakening.

It is morning. Daylight streams into the windows—the sun shines on the hill-tops. The sounds of stirring life are beginning to be heard about the house. Watch the boy. Still as motionless as a figure of marble. As you look, the gates of sleep are suddenly unlocked. He is awake in a twinkling—awake all over. His blue eyes are wide open and bright—his lips apart with a shout—his legs fly out in different directions—his arms are in rapid motion—he flops over with a spring—in ten seconds he has turned a couple of summersaults, and presents before you a living illustration of perpetual motion. There is no deliberate yawning, no slow stretching of indolent limbs, no lazy rubbing of sleepy eyes.

Wit and Humor.

RELATION BY MARRIAGE.

"As my wife at the window one day,
Stood watching a man with a monkey,
A cart came along with a 'broth of a boy,'
Who was driving a sprightly donkey
To my wife I then spoke, by way of a joke,
'There's a relation of yours in that carriage!'
To which she replied, as the donkey she spied,
'Ah, yes—a relation by marriage!'"

AN EXTRAORDINARY EPITAPH.

The following words are inscribed on an old tombstone in Scotland:

"Here lies the body of Alexander McPherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person,
Who was two yards nigh in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat.
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo
Plump through
The gullet; it went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat."

Flize.

I hate a fli.
A fli has got no manners.
He ain't no gentleman.
He's an introoder, don't send in no kard, nor ax an interducksbun, nor don't knok at the front door, and nuver, uuver, thinx ov takin off his hat.

Fust you kno he iz in bed with you and up your noze—tho what he wants thar iz a mistry, and he invites hisself to breakfast, and sets doun in your butter thout brushin his pants.

He helps hisself to sugar and meat, and merlasses, and bred and persurves, and vinegs—eonything, and don't wait for no invitation. He's got a good appetite, and just as sun eat one thing az another.

'Taint no use to challenge him for takin liberties; he keaps up a hostile korrespondence with you whether you like it or not, and shoots hisself at you like a bullit, and he nuver misses, nuver.

He'll kiss your wife 20 times a day and zizz zoo, and ridicule you if you say a word, and he'd rether you'd slap at him than not box; he's a dodger of the dodgmist kind. Every time you slap you don't slap him, but slap yourself, and he zizzez and plants the hind leg of skorn at you, till he aggravates you to distrackshun.

He glories in lightin every pop on the exact spot whar you druv him from, wich proves the intention to teeze you. Don't tell me he ain't got no mind; he knows what he's after; he's got sense, and too much ov it, tho he nuver went to skool a day in his life, ixcept in a supe disn.

He's a mean, malignant, owdashus premeditated cuss.

His mother never paddled him with a slipper.

His morals was neglected and he lax a good dele of humanity miteily. He ain't bashful a bit, and I dout if he blushes ofting.

In fackt, he was nuver fetched up a tall.

He was born full growd; he don't git old—uther things git old, but he nuver gits old—and he is imperdent and mischievous to the day of his deth.

He droopz in cold wether, and you kan mash him on a window pain, and you've jes put your finger in it. He comes agin next yeer, and a heep more with him. 'Taint no use.

One fli to a family might do for amuzement, but the good of so many flize I be degon'd if I kin see, kin you?

I has thort much about flize, and I has notist how ofting they stop in their devilry to comb their heads and skratch thar noze with thar forelegs, and gouge their arm pits under thar wings, and the tops of thar wings with thar legs.

And my kandid opinyin ar, that flize is lousy; they eaches all the time, is misherbul, and that makes 'em bad tempered, and want to make uther peepil miserbul too.

If that ain't the flossify of flize, I give up.

Altho a fli don't send in his kard, he always leaves one, and I don't like it.—'Taint pritty, it 'tis round; he kan't make a cross mark, only a dot, and he's always dotting where thar ain't no i's. Thar's no end to his periods, but he never cums to a full stop. Sich handritin' is disagreeabil.

He's an artist, but his fresco an his wall paperin' I don't admire. Thar's too much sameness in his patterns. His specs is the only specs that don't help the eyes. You kan't see through 'em, and you don't want to.

I hate a fli.

Darn a fli.—*Josh Billings.*

Settling at "The Captain's Office."

"All dem passengers as has not settled deir passage, will please step up to de captain's offis and settle."

There were many passengers, and, of course, as usual, a great crowd gathered around the "Captain's offis," each quietly awaiting his turn to pay. Suddenly a tall, roosty young man elbowed his way through the mass of people up to the window, and stretching out his money to the clerk, said in a very loud tone:

"Take my fare, sir?"

"What name, sir?" said the clerk, as he received the bills.

"Captain Victor Henry Digamma, sir, Captain Digamma and lady, of the Younited States Awmy, sir;" was the reply, in a very pompous, conceited voice.

This was too much for our acquaintance, the horse dealer. He passed rudely through the crowd, and loudly addressed the clerk, while the captain of the *awmy* yet stood by, and the people seemed to be thinking whether to lynch him or not.

"Take my fare, sir?"

"What name sir?" inquired the clerk, meekly.

"Korp'ril John Barstow, Korp'ril John Barstow and horses, sir, of the Connecticut Milishy, sir!" was his answer, delivered in a most comical but pompous tone.

How blank that army captain looked, and what a good natured crowd that was immediately after his answer, only those can understand whose imagination can picture reality.

The Fascinating Boarder.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, of P—— street, Brooklyn, were an amiable couple, or at least they were, until, having more room than was necessary in their dwelling, they took in boarders.

One of them, being a fascinating young man, soon became a favorite with Mrs. Brown, who was inclined to lavish her "sweetness" upon him.

The husband viewed his wife's conduct with infinite disgust—but taking the matter philosophically, made no disturbance, but patiently awaited further developments.

Mrs. B., being perhaps troubled by a guilty conscience, did her best to conceal the state of affairs, and to do so successfully she counterfeited an intense hatred of the boarder.

One afternoon, in his presence, but for the benefit of her husband, who also sat near, smoking, she announced her determination to keep boarders no longer, and signified that the one then present could at once seek new quarters, while at the same time, by means of sundry sly winks and tender grimaces, she endeavored to convey the impression that she was far from being in earnest in regard to *him*.

Unfortunately for her peace of mind, a convenient mirror near her husband reflected to him her various contortions of countenance, and the dame was suddenly thunderstruck by the following curt remark:

"No need of warning Bill out, Nance; if you give him two or three more sly winks over your shoulder, *he'll go of his own accord*, and if he doesn't *I'll kick him out*."

The boarder took the hint, and Mr. Brown suddenly became a sadder and a wiser woman.

A Valuable Information.

There is a story, perhaps forgotten by all but men who were students at a certain college near thirty years ago of an enthusiastic professor of entomology, not celebrated for his exercise of hospitality, who was so delighted at the arrival of an eminent pursuer of insects, that he invited him to bed and board in chambers. Next morning Dr. Macily greeted his guest:

"And how did ye sleep the night, Mester Beechemoth?"

"Not bery well; strange bed, perhaps! but—"

"Ah!" quoted the doctor, eagerly, "ye were just bitten by something, eh."

"Well, to tell you the truth, doctor, I was."

"Just think of that! Bitten, war ye? Now, can you say it was anything at all noteworthy that bit ye? Peculiar, eh?"

"Fleas, I think. But such devils for biting I never met in my life."

"I should think so, indeed (with great glee). They're Sicilian fleas. I imported them myself!"

Heaving the Lead.

Any one who has traveled on the Mississippi during low water, has witnessed the process of heaving the lead, and will see where the "laugh comes in," in the following without much difficulty:

The —— was coming down the upper Mississippi loaded with pig lead. As she was going over a shallow place the pilot gave the signal to heave the lead. The only man forward at the time was a green Irishman.

"Why don't you heave the lead?"

"Is it to heave the lead, your honor? Where to?"

"Overboard, you blockhead!"

The Irishman snatched up one of the pigs of lead and threw it overboard; the mate in endeavoring to prevent him, lost his balance and fell into the river.

The captain running to the edge of the roof, asked, "Why don't you heave the lead, and sing out how much water there is?"

"The lead is heaved, your honor, and the mate's gone down to see how much water there is," replied Pat.

HANNAH ON THE RAIL.—There is a station on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railroad called Hannah in honor of a deceased citizen of Fort Wayne. A train stopped there the other day, and the brakeman, after the manner of his class, thrust his head inside the door and calle dout "Hannah," loud and long. A young lady, probably endowed with the poetic appellation of Hannah, supposing he was addressing her, and shocked at his familiarity on so short an acquaintance, frowned like a thunder cloud, and retorted, "Shut your mouth." He shut it.

WATERING PLACE MISERIES—EVERYTHING AMISS.—Popkins, who has been staying at a seaside watering place, was asked the other day (says the Boston *Commercial Bulletin*) by a friend, who thought he looked rather crusty, if anything was amiss at the hotel?

"Yes, about everything is a Miss at this confounded trap," said P., mopping his face.

"Everything amiss! How so?"

"Well, in the first place the accommodations are mis-represented; the servants are mis governed; a man is mis-led in coming here, and mis-taken in thinking to enjoy himself; his time is mis-spent; his confidence in the landlords, beds, butter and rooms mis-placed; a man has his mis-givings the first day after his arrival; the servant mis-lays his hair-brush, boot jack, slippers and things, and contributes to his mis-comfort; the company is mis-cellaneous; several old misses are mis-chief-making and mis-construing your polite courtesy into mis-conduct; and, to crown the whole, the waiter mis-pronounces my name, and the barkeeper always makes a mis-count in making change."

"Good gracious! Any more misses?"

"Yes, plenty of 'em—mis-quetos."

A little girl came into my house one day, and some apple parings lay on a plate on the table. After sitting awhile she said: "I smell apples!" "Yes," I replied, "I guess you smell those parings on the plate." "No, no!" she said, "I ain't them I smell; I smell whole apples."

"My dear boy," said a fond mother, "never defer till to-morrow what you can do to-day." "Then, mother," replied the urchin, "le 's eat the plum pudding to-night."

An honest country person, who, in the time of a great drouth, was desired to pray for rain, answered: "I'll willingly do it to oblige you, but it is no use to pray while the wind is in this quarter."

DOMESTIC NEWS.

NEW YORK, August 15.—At a meeting of the local Democratic Association last evening, the Chamber of Commerce was denounced for the refusal to examine the city accounts, the Times condemned for its slanderous attacks on the Mayor and Comptroller, and a resolution passed declaring that the Mayor and Comptroller should be heard before being adjudged guilty. At another meeting Gov. Hoffman was declared responsible for the bloodshed on July 12th, and it was resolved to strenuously oppose him for any office he may seek.

NEW YORK, August 14.—A correspondent writes from White Sulphur Springs that Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, in an interview, stated that Southern people generally will accept the new departure doctrine, but they will probably be averse to action in the formation of issues for the next presidential canvas and the nomination of candidates. In his opinion, either Sherman, Hendricks, or Gov. Hoffman would make a good President, and from their known patriotism and statesmanship, unite the party and draw out a full vote. He denies that any political Ku Klux has an organization in the South.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.—A gentleman, who has just returned from Europe, where he has been on intimate social relations with the French Imperial family, informs the interviewer of a morning paper that Napoleon believes in his early restoration; that the government of Thiers is regarded as a mere makeshift; that his death at this time would be followed by another civil war. Gambetta is looked upon as an ambitious, intriguing and able man; Bazaine waits history to justify him; L'Boef is a wretched creature. The Empress is well, and intends to send the Prince Imperial on a tour through the United States when he is a little older.

The Imperial family receive the attentions of the royal family and nobility of England. There are now two parties in France, Imperialist and Red Republican. The Bourbons are nowhere. European diplomatists abroad favor his return, believing the restoration of Napoleon would keep in subjection the disorderly elements of the French, which are now a constant menace to Europe. It is also stated that England is threatened with serious revolutionary troubles, and it was believed that a conciliatory government would fail to satisfy the demands of the people.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—Advices from Washington state that no official dispatches have been received concerning the Corean difficulty, and that the accounts hitherto published are probably incorrect. The Chinese eastern question may involve a war by the western nations about China from which our government cannot escape. Other nations are interested in the Corean problem as well as ours, but the United States will not be likely to make war against Corea with the co-operation of other western powers.

Advices from London state that fatal cases of cholera had appeared on three steamers from Cronstadt to Hull, but the English authorities were taken every means to prevent its introduction by ships arriving at their ports. Yesterday despatches were received here announcing two fatal cases cholera. The Paris members of the health department of this city think there is little probability of cholera visiting this country this year. One physician says he no longer considers cholera a matter of American interest, as it has been lurking about Europe for years, while we have escaped.

Advices received from London state that Bismarck has commenced a vigorous campaign against Papacy, and as a first blow declared in Parliament and in his official Gazette, that he regards the ultramontaine of the Catholic church as hostile to the country. He has broken off all relations with it that is not purely of a political character, and he has dissolved the Catholic Department of Ministry of Public Worship. He is intriguing for the establishment of the principles of the orthodox Catholic party, which is, name applied, the opponents of Intallibility, and is actively supporting Dr. Dollinger at Munich, where the Doctor, though excommunicated, has just been elected by a vote of 54 to 6. Rector of the University, through his influence. It has been announced through the ultra-montaine organs that the statement made by Bismarck, through his organ, that the Catholics, or those persons who are inhabitants of the different Catholic States of Germany, has rejected the Intallibility dogma, is totally untrue.

YOKOHAMA, July 22, via San Francisco, Aug 15.—A heavy typhoon at Kobe on the 4th inst. caused a loss of 400 lives. Several vessels were wrecked, including Pride of Thames, the captain, two mates and steward being drowned. The damage is estimated at $500 000.

The Japanese Government announces a new system of national coinage of gold and silver to correspond with the American system.

WASHINGTON, August 16.—It is stated that the President has tendered to Hon. James M. Ashley, formerly of Ohio, the Ministry to Brazil. It is said that the President stated to Ashley that he was now satisfied of the irresponsible character of the reports and the dishonest means brought to bear by politicians to effect Ashley's removal from the Governorship of Montana.

PITTSTON, Pa., Aug. 15.—At the present time it is difficult to estimate the full damage caused by the late explosion.—Nine men, it is said, will be recovered alive. Entering the chamber which the explosion created, a large rock was first found, which laid partly upon the car, completely blocking up one side, and leaving a space on the other just sufficient for a man to force himself through. Some distance further on, there was another rock which completely filled the passage and behind this, the men are so walled in, that it will take hours of the most persistent labor to reach them.

Volunteers are now at work endeavoring to get around this fallen rock, so that they can reach the entombed miners, but the density of the black damp prevents them from prosecuting their work with full effect. They are continually being brought in exhausted condition, but their places are immediately supplied by other volunteers, and so the work goes on unremittingly. All that mortals can do is being done to rescue the unfortunate, but only blackened disfigured remnants of mortality have thus far rewarded the toilers. Outside the scene is heart-rendering in the extreme. Thousands of sympathizing citizens, miners and others are present, rendering all the assistance that is possible under the circumstances.

Women and children are weeping, wringing their hands and mourning aloud for the loved and lost, waiting in anxious, hopeless expectation each report from the poisonous pit. Women are everywhere, doing what they can to minister to the wants of exhausted volunteers as they are borne like helpless children back from the mouth of the pit, where great caldrons of steaming coffee are ready, and all known restoratives are at hand. Sad hearts are everywhere to-night, and much sympathy is shown to bereaved friends mourning for their dead.

This mine has been nearly exhausted, and was known to be filled with black damp, and yet it was considered safe and has been constantly worked since the conclusion of the strike, although not to its full capacity.

Twelve feet of gas was found in the heading just off the gang way, which had been traversed all day by explorers with a naked light, and the merest accident would have caused another and worse explosion, involving a loss, of at least fifty lives, during the late part of the night. Those assuming control have ordered the pumps reversed and water has been forced down the shaft, thus hoping to increase the volume of pure air and expel the foul. Superintendent Kendrilk and Inspector Blewitt, are preparing to descend the mine, but should they find their expectations, a replenishing avenue of pure air realized, they will hardly be able to draw away the debris necessary, to reach the imprisoned miners before morning.

The following persons were known to have been in the mine at the time of the accident. David Harris, James Morgan, Thomas Leysdon, Evan Jones, David Owens, Thomas Reese, James Jones, Benj. Davis, Robert Hughes Benj. Williams, Edward Owen, John Morgan, Richard Owens, M. Quinty, and Martin Morgan.

There are many theories as to the cause of the disster, but the general opinion is, that it is due to the explosion of fire-damp, the first intimation that anything was wrong being the rattling and jostling of the descending car as the air rushed out of the shaft with such velocity as for a moment to stop its descent.

MIDNIGHT.—Three volunteers have just been taken out insensible. No further attempts to recover the bodies will be made before daylight. Five bodies only have been taken out. The body of Benj. Davis was brought up shortly after the explosion and about three o'clock the body of Evan T. Janes was found and brought up. During the afternoon the bodies of Thomas Lyshon, James Morgan and David Harris were recovered from the mine.

PITTSTON, Pa., Aug 15.—The investigation as to the cause of the mine disaster, will take place to-day or to-morrow. Mr. Smiley, Superintendent of the Pittston Coal Mines, thinks an accumulation of fire damp has been standing in some unapproachable part of the mine for some time, and that the fall of the coal forced the gas upon the lamps, causing the explosion, throwing down an immense amount of coal or rocks which disarranged the proper working of the air ways on which the miners depend for vitality.

A statement is made that the mines had never been inspected, either by inspector Blewitt or his predecessor, Nichols. Blewitt says that he is anxious to have a thorough examination made, as there are various ways by which the explosion may have been caused. There is no evidence that the men died by the concussion of air, as the men when found, did not have the appearance of having survived long after the explosion.

A man named David Owens, and his son Richard, were found clasped in each other's arms; the boy was badly burned but the father was not.

SYRACUSE, August 14.—The Commission to examine plans and award the prize of $100 000 for the most profitable and practical introduction of some motor other than animal power for the propulsion of canal boats, held a meeting to-day. Several new plans were presented, but they lack, as yet, the practical test required. A resolution was adopted calling on the Attorney General to give his opinion whether a plan of propelling freight boats by tug boats is admisable to competitions under the law. A resolution was also adopted declaring it the judgment of the Commission that there is no danger to canal banks from any motor which may be invented to answer the purpose. The Convention adjourned to meet on call of the Commission.

OTTAWA, August 15.—It is now positively asserted that the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise will take up their residence here for a lengthened period. The Governor General's residence is being prepared for their reception.

In consequence of the Washington treaty, considerable reductions will be made in the militia forces.

CITY OF MEXICO, August 11.—Juarez lacks 110 votes of a majority for President, with fourteen districts to be heard from, and it is expected that these will give him a sufficient number of votes to elect him over rival candidates. Members of the Opposition make a different computation, and allege that a majority of the votes for any candidate is impossible, and that Congress must decide who is President. Both parties are arming and preparing for revolution. Should the result of the election be adverse to Juarez he intends reriring to private life. The adherents of Diaz express confidence in his success. It is said that Juarez desires to remain in power on account of a contract made with the United States government. Government is negotiating with the United States for a loan, and hypothecating national territory as a guarantee for future payment.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 15.—In reference to the alleged defalcation of $300,000, a special despatch from Harrisburg to the Enquirer says: A dispatch having appeared to the effect that George Evans, Pennsylvania War Claim Agent, was a defaulter, your correspondent asked the Governor for information. He replied that Evans had been here three times to settle his accounts, the last time on Saturday last, when the Auditor-General was not at home to receive him. Evans is here now, ready to settle to-morrow, and in view of the fact that his accounts are not yet examined, the charges are grossly unjust. The State officials cannot possibly give any information in advance of the examination. The State Treasurer and Auditor General are both absent, but they may possibly be here to-morrow.

A special to the Evening Telegram, dated Harrisburg, 15th, says: The Governor, Mr. Evans, and the financial officers of the State are engaged in attempting to settle Evans' account. It is believed that Macgey, Rogtrautt and Jordan, financial officers, will allow a very small commission to Evans because of his criminal withholding of funds from the Treasury. Threats of impeachment against Governor Geary are made freely, but they come mostly from prejudiced circles.

The vine disease prevails in Portugal, and the wine crop is expected to be very short.

A Berlin dispatch states that Bismarck has gone to Gastein to attend the meeting of the Emperors of Austria and Germany.

The National Zeitung denies that a convention has been concluded for evacuating the forts about Paris and the departments of the Seine and Seine et Oise.

A special dispatch from Minneapolis on the 14th inst., reports that two brothers named Hardwick, attacked a party of twenty Chippewas, near Lake Darling, killing two. The Indians were accused of stealing. The Hardwicks gave themselves up to the authorities.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 14.—The Evening Bulletin to-day, contains an exposition of an alleged defalcation in the collection of Pennsylvania war claims from the general government, amounting with interest, to over $365,000, which has not been accounted for.

During a thunder storm at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on the 14th inst., a thunderbolt entered the telegraph office, passed to the lower story and instantly killed a woman named Addie Eliza Mitchell.—When hit, she had her hand on a gas pipe.

The Mohammedan insurrection in North China is still formidable.

Alex. H. Rice is actively pressed for the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

Col. Whitely, of the Secret Service, says there is a very small amount of counterfeit money abroad now.

Leslie, for Governor of Kentucky, gets in 79 counties 119 420, Harlan 8,545, and 15 counties to hear from.

A party of twelve Japanese gentlemen who have been officially sent to this country and Europe to study American and European institutions are in New York, visiting the city officials.

Since the outbreak of the horse plague in Brooklyn, 180 horses belonging to the City Railroad Company have been attacked, and twenty of them have died. There are at present sixty laid up with the malady.

The excitement in the German part of Cincinnati over the Sunday Law question has by no means been quieted by the action of the Council against repeal. The beer gardens have schooen been so full as on the night of the 13 h inst.

The iron on the St Paul & Chicago R R will be laid by Wednesday, the 16th inst., and the through line between the two cities will be completed, with the exception of the bridges at Winona and Hastings, which will be finished in September.

Large beds of coal are being opened in Ohio county, Ky., along the line of the Elizabethtown & Paducah Railroad, and are attracting the attention of citizens as affording a probable source of a steady supply of fuel not subject to the accidents of river transportation.

A Columbus dispatch says that Mrs. R. F. Colburn will be arrested on the 15th inst., on a charge of poisoning Buchien barger. She will be immediately admitted to bail until Monday, when the preliminary examination will commence. This arrangement was made between the counsel of all parties.

A *World* correspondent who has interviewed the Emperor of Brazil in London, writes that His Majesty confessed to feelings of perplexity at the state of things in England as respects the condition in which he found the poorer classes of people. He was making observations for the benefit of his Empire and would probably visit the United States when he had finished his European tour.

Advices from Bombay report that the famine in Persia had entailed dreadful sufferings on the inhabitants of that country. In Ispahan, public shops were opened selling camels, asses, dogs and cats' flesh, and yet from 70 to 80 persons die daily. People went about selling their children. In Kassan and Komey, cities where corn formerly abounded, the people had been caught killing children for food. In Khorassin, 10,000 men had been swept away, and their corpses were dug up for food. The famine is over, but provisions are still very dear.

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aug17w4w 276(2)

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Farm and House.

AN IMPROMPTU REPLY TO "POTATO BUGS A 1."

Pray, do not be too boastful, you may not understand
The nature of the foe encamped upon your land.
Too many have exulted, and thought the battle won,
When, lo! to their surprise, 'twas only just begun!
Your foe is an opossum, in nature and in guile,
And when you think him dead, he's living all the while.
Hence, one can hardly say when the campaign *is* through,
Or, which has won the day—"potato-bugs or you."
That they are seven-lived, by naturalists backed,
And though, by few believed, it does not change the fact,
Unlike the blister fly, you cannot make them run.
They'll rally by and by, I'll bet you, two to one!
They mock at every plan that ever has been laid,
Be keeping a reserve, that lie in ambuscade.
And when you think you've slain each rebel on the field,
They "rally once again," determined not to yield!
Provide your boasted "armor" of Paris green or blue,
And yet, you'll have to *fight*—"potato bugs and you."
Say not "their spears are broken, nor yet their armor rent,"
Lest it should prove a token, and legions should be sent
To reinforce the army—demoralized 'tis true,
And both grow "*dis*-content"—potato bugs and you.

AMHERST, Ohio, July 12, 1871.

Questions and Answers.

FOUNDERED HORSES.

Michael Welsh, Columbus, Nebraska, writes as follows:

"I wish to ask those who have had experience in the treatment of horses badly foundered, and who have been successful, what is the best mode of treatment?"

If the case is of long standing, we imagine that medicine will do but little good. In such cases, experienced horse men turn the horse into pasture and give him a good rest.

CRICKETS.

I. C. K., desires to commence a war of extermination and asks the readers of the BLADE, if any one can inform him how to exterminate crickets.

DOES WHEAT SWEAT.

W. C. Whiteland, Ind., brings to the front a subject on which every farmer can have something to say. He asks, 'Does wheat go through sweat, either in stack or garner? If so what is the proof?"

OIL CLOTH.

Almira Kellogg asks: "Will the editor or some reader of the BLADE, tell me how to make oil cloth for tables and floors?' In such a case we incline to the opinion that the knowledge of the process would benefit but little, as the person would find it cheaper to buy the material than to make it. However, the question is submitted.

THE COLORADO POTATO BUG.

Mahlon Underwood, East Carmel, writes: "I want you to give a description of the Colorado Potato Bug, and its history. I have seen a good deal in your paper about them, and would like to know them when I see them. There is an insect here some think is the bug. It is about 3 eights of an inch long; gray color, a light yellow spot on each shoulder legs; near the head has no bull or wing covers. Some say they are injuring their potatoes. We have had a potato bug here now and then for years, some black and some brown with little stripes, but I suppose this is not the bug."

A full history of the bug with description is given in the *American Farm Journal* for June. This is published by MILLER, LOCKE Co., and specimens will be sent on application. The bug described by the correspondent is not the Colorado Potato Bug. The wings of the Colorado Potato Beetle are a bright rose color, each with five black lines or stripes; body cream color.

MORE ABOUT WHEAT.

Manchester submits the following:

"A number of us got into a dispute today as to whether or not wheat goes through a sweat after it is put in the stack. Some contend that it will, no matter what kind of weather follows, while others contend that the stack becomes damp when ever the atmosphere does, and dry when the atmosphere does. They also contend that if we build a stack when the atmosphere is dry, and it stays dry, that the stack will not sweat at all. After we had talked about it a good while we quit just as we started, every one with the same opinion that he had at first. So I agreed to write to the BLADE and ask the opinion of all who know anything about the subject."

Now here is an interesting field for discussion, and we leave the subject open.

OSAGE ORANGE.

Ira P. Gevy, Gibbon, Nebraska, writes:—"Will you inform me through the BLADE where I can get Osage Orange seed, at what cost, and how to plant for a hedge, and when to plant it?"

COLIC IN HORSES.

M. S. N. asks: "What is the best remedy for Colic in horses?" This question was answered in full in the Weekly for July 27.

FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.

Phebe, Jamestown, asks: "Isn't there any better way of getting rid of flies and mosquitoes than the ways we have been practicing for years? Do, somebody suggest something new."

It is said that if you let a few drops of carbolic acid evaporate in the room, that you will disperse the plagues. If the acid is pure no inconvenience will result from the use.

CANNING PEACHES.

W. J. Thorn, Juno, Tennessee, writes:—"Please tell us how to make blackberry jam; what proportion of sugar do you use to each quart of berries, and how long should they be cooked? And also please tell us how to make blackberry cordial or wine; and as we have a bountiful fruit crop, we wish you to give us some instruction in canning peaches, how do you prepare the fruit? Do you cook it, and if so, how long? Please inform us upon these points in your next Weekly."

We regret that this letter has been delayed. It bears date of July 6th. The canning of fruits was described at length in the last number of the FARM JOURNAL, copies of which will be sent the inquirer. We desire, however, that on each of the questions presented to hear from our lady friends, whose experience in this way will be particularly valuable.

The question above was anticipated in the Weekly In the number for August 10th, in the Agricultural Column, are given two interesting articles describing the canning process. More is said on this subject in this number, below.

MOULD FROM LINEN.

Bridget, Huntsville, asks: "What will remove mould from Linen or cotton?" Spots of mould on linen can, it is said, be removed from cotton or linen by first rubbing them over with butter, and afterward applying powdered indigo with a little water, and then washing the spot, when all traces of it will disappear.

TO CLEAN PLATED WARE.

Housekeeper, Huntsville, writes: "How shall I clean mouldings of plated ware?" The plated knobs or mouldings about a house may be easily cleaned with a mixture of half an ounce of precipitated chalk with the same quantity each of alcohol and ammonia. Wet every part with this, and when dry brush it off and rub with flannel. This is very good for cleaning spoons and plate. Worn plated goods are much improved by rubbing with this mixture: fifteen grains of nitrate of silver, thirty grains of cyanide of potassium, half an ounce of Paris white, and four ounces of water. Shake well before using. This is very poisonous, and must not be used on table-ware.

PLANTAIN WEEDS.

O. Sieger, Siegertown, writes:

"My yard is full of Plantain weeds. I have for the past three years tried to get rid of them, and have thus far failed, there being more now than when I commenced. What can I do to get rid of them?"

Questions about Bees.

D. H. Towe, Woodbine Co., Minn., in *Rural New Yorker*, April 29, asked the following questions:

1. What is the best way of preventing natural swarms when you make *artificial* swarms?
2. The quickest and most convenient way of finding the queen?
3. What success do bee keepers find in fertilizing queens in confinement?
4. Do Italian queens, fertilized by black drones, produce Italian drones?
5. The best way of removing the bees from a frame of honey or brood?
6. Are queens sent by mail any distance safely?

The following replies have been on hand some time. The foregoing inquiries have been answered, but "in a multitude of counselors there is safety:"

1. I never was troubled with natural swarms after making them artificially in our favorite manner, which is to take combs of brood and bees, promiscuously, from strong stocks, sufficient to make a good swarm; put them together in a new hive and set here you please. Give them a young queen, fertile or not; she will be accepted, and a good colony will result.

2. The quickest and most convenient way of finding the queen, I think, is to take the combs out one at a time and glance them over. It is no trouble at all to find the Italians. I opened eighteen hives this spring, saw the queens in all, cleaned out the dead bees, and closed up, in an average time of twelve minutes each.

3. Have not yet tried it.

4. This, as the darkey said in regard to chicken stealing, "is a great moral question." Some practical apiarians contend that Italian queens fertilized by black drones will produce pure Italian drones; others say they will not, I think that the matter can easily be proved beyond a doubt, by any person who is willing to give it sufficient time and attention. If an Italian queen, fertilized by a black drone, will produce pure Italian drones, a black queen, fertilized by an Italian drone, will produce pure black drones; and if such drones be mated with pure black queens, and there is any Italian blood in them, it will show itself in some of the progeny. We gave this idea to the *Illustrated Bee Journal* a year ago, but have never heard of its being experimented upon.

5. Bees are usually easily shaken from the comb by giving it a quick motion in the right direction. The few remaining should be carefully brushed off with a wing or bough.

6. Queens are safely sent long distances by mail. I received seven in this way from Jefferson, Wisconsin, last season. Five were received as late as September 6, and all were alive, although in one box; all the workers sent were dead.—I. F. TILLINGHAST, *Factoryville, Pa.*

Remedy for Heaves.

A Veterinarian in the *Kansas Farmer*, in answer to an inquiry for a heave remedy, says: "This disease is caused by debility of the parasympathetic nerves. Any measures you can take to improve the condition of your horse will relieve his complaint. You must give him his food in light bulk, but little water at a time, and feed him but a small quantity of dry hay. My treatment is to give five grain doses of arsenic once in twenty-four hours for two weeks; then omit the medicine for one week, and repeat as at first. It should be given in chopped feed, and there is no danger in its use, as directed. It will often cure and always relieve the horse."

A correspondent of a Cincinnati paper recommends tar as a remedy. He says: "Put about half a teacupful in the horse's mouth once or twice a day. The best way is to use a paddle. First pull out the horse's tongue and put the tar in his mouth as far as you can. I knew one of my neighbors to try it for heaves, and it effected a permanent cure."

To Can Peaches and Other Fruits.

Allow half a pound, or less, of sugar to one pound of peaches. Make a syrup of the sugar, by adding a pint of water to a pound of sugar, and boiling for a time. Pare and halve the peaches; drop them into the syrup and boil for ten minutes. Put into the cans—glass ones—and seal tightly. Any other kind of fruit may be preserved in the same manner. They will keep equally well without sugar; but it is usually quite as convenient to add the sugar when canned. Some add a few peach kernels, blanched. For convenience sake, and safety's sake, place the can, being filled with hot fruit, on a wet napkin or towel, folded a number of times. Some varieties of pears require longer cooking, while some other varieties of fruit need less. The cans should be filled to the top.

How to get Rid of Stumps.

The following is recommended by one who has tried it, as the "speediest, safest and surest way to get rid of stumps of any and all kinds:"

If you have many acres of clear stumps get one barrel of black machine oil; then take an inch and a quarter auger, and bore four holes in the largest stumps letting the auger stand toward you at an angle of forty-five degrees. Bore eight inches deep. Then fill the hole three-fourths full of oil, and plug up tight. Pour, also, one-third of a pint on top, in the centre of a foot circle, and let it spread well. When done preparing, or say in five days, kindle your fires on top of the stumps.

Keeping Eggs.

I would say that I have succeeded in keeping eggs perfectly good for six months, by putting them carefully in lime, slacked as you would for white washing, but rather thicker. I keep them in a small tub or half barrel in the cellar, and am careful always to keep water on top of the lime, or it will become so hard that you cannot get the eggs out without breaking. The only objection to this way of keeping them, is that it tends to soften the shell, and you must handle them carefully. Of course, no egg is so delicate for eating from the shell, as one that is fresh laid, but for all ordinary purposes, I have found them just as good as fresh ones.

Blackberries and Diarrhea.

A Philadelphia physician writes to the Post to correct an impression that blackberries are useful or harmless in cases where children are convalescing from diarrhea or cholera infantum. He says that from close observation during several years, meantime enjoying a large practice, he is forced to believe that there is no other cause so fatal to life in these complaints as eating blackberries.

To Pickle Red Cabbage.

Take a head of the darkest red cabbage and slice it very thin, shake on it a little coarse salt and let it rest twenty-four hours to drain. Boil an ounce of black pepper and an ounce of allspice in a quart of vinegar, and when cold pour it over the cabbage; then pack it close and keep it well covered.

Preserving Tomatoes.

Wash, bruise them, and put in a boiler over a fire, boil half an hour and strain; boil the juice until reduced one-half, cool, put in jars and seal; then place the jars in a boiler of cold water, with straw or rags to prevent breakage; boil twenty minutes; when perfectly cold, place the jars in a cool, dark cellar. They will keep for years. Add seasoning when used for the table.

For catsup add to the above peppers, pimento, cloves, etc.

Tomatoes may be prepared as above and put into bottles for future use. Of course, they should be well cooked and sealed.

Peach Marmalade.

Boil two pounds of peaches for a minute; take off and drop them in cold water. Drain, skin and remove the stones at once. Crack two-thirds of the stones, bleach the meats, and cut the kernels in lengthwise strips. Lay the peaches in a pan with a pound and a half of sugar, set on the fire and boil twenty minutes. A few minutes before removing add the sliced kernels. Turn in pots or jars as soon as taken from the fire. When cold, cover well and place in a cool, dry place. Proceed the same with plums. For pears or quinces, pare and core and use sweet almonds in lieu of kernels.

How to Destroy Burdock.

The St. Louis Journal of Agriculture thinks that August is the time to attack and destroy burdock. It says the old stems with burs on them should be cut with a spade or mattock just below the surface, and piled carefully together while green. After a few days of dry weather, set fire to them, and stand by till the last burr goes to ashes. This done, the young plants that have grown from the seed this year should either be pulled up or the rows cut off below the collar, and thrown upon the manure heap.

Remedy for Splint.

A correspondent of *Wilkes' Spirit* having a horse that had just thrown out a splint, asks with what he shall blister it, and is advised by "A Professional Veterinarian" to "try the effects of the following: Take of cantharides, two ounces; lard and resin ointment, of each four ounces; powdered corrosive sublimate, four drachms—mix thoroughly and apply with considerable friction."

EUROPEAN NEWS.

LONDON, August 14.—The city corporation has commenced an investigation into the occurrences at Phœnix Park, Dublin, on Sunday, the 6th inst. The magistrates have granted a summons against the members of the police who took part in the affray. The friends of home rule in Ulster have made arrangements for a formidable demonstration tomorrow. They intend to march in procession from Newry to Dundalk, and a collision with the Orangemen is apprehended.

A dreadful calamity has visited the small island of Togoliilanda in the Malay Archipelago, about fifty miles northeast of island of Celibes. An outburst of the volcano of Ruwany was accompanied by a convulsion of the sea and a wave forty yards in height swept all human beings, cattle and horses from the island. The number of persons who perished is stated at 316.

LONDON, Aug. 14.—The 10 40's and U. S. Bonds of 1881 have risen considerably at Frankfort, in consequence of the success of the new Treasury arrangement. The amount allotted to Frankfort is limited. Pending negotiations, when completed, will enable Richardson, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, to place the whole amount in Germany.

LONDON, August 15.—A dispatch from Strasburg states that disturbances have occurred there between the Prussian troops and the inhabitants. Much animosity is shown by the inhabitants towards the troops, and many attacks are made on them, without opportunity for reprisal. A number of Prussians became involved in a quarrel with several people, and a fight ensued, during which a number belonging to both parties were killed and wounded.

It is stated on authority that serious disagreements have arisen between the French and German governments with reference to the Frankfort peace negotiation, and present difficulties are likely to lead to further complications which may result in a suspension of the treaty of peace negotiated at Frankfort.

LONDON, August 15.—Advices from Paris say that the city is excited, and the situation it threatening. Trouble is apprehended from various sources. To-day is a fete day for Napoleon I., and the air is full of rumors that the army will revolt against the Versailles Assembly, declare MacMahon regent, and demand an empire. The people are leaving Paris in a stampede. Some believe that the Orleanists' scheme is ripe for a coup d'etat, and being pushed by a proposition to make Thiers the permanent executive, which it is feared would establish a government not monarchical. Thiers has no friends. He is hated by republicans, royalists and imperialists alike. A crisis is approaching.

PARIS, August 16.—Difficulties have arisen at Berne in respect to the evacuation of the four departments of France which is still held by the Germans. The French government has, in consequence, refused to admit the Alsatian produce to the French market until after the German troops leave France.

VERSAILLES, Aug 14.—The defence of Gustave Cluseret, which was submitted to the Court Martial to-day, is to the effect he joined the Commune for the purpose of endeavoring to effect a pacification between its members and the Versailles Government, and that to his efforts is due the saving of many objects of art from destruction during the siege of Paris.

The debate on the prolongation of Thiers' power will begin in the Assembly on Saturday. It is estimated that 500 of the deputies are in favor of the measure.

The negotiation between General Manteuffel and Minister Pouyer for the immediate evacuation of the north forts, has so far been without results.

ROME, August 15.—The festival of the assumption of the Virgin passed off to-day with the customary ceremonies and perfect tranquility. The Dome of St. Peters and many public and private buildings were illuminated last night.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 16.—The Czar has informed General Schi, French Ambassador, that no treaty of alliance of any kind between Russia and Germany is in existence.

The New Financial Departure.

The Chicago Times in an editorial this morning, takes strong grounds against General Thos. Ewing's new financial proposition. It says the true Democratic doctrine is well and briefly expressed in Vallandigham's Mount Gilead county platform of May 8th; that it is the basis of all sound currency, and is in favor of paying the public debt at the earliest practicable moment consistent with moderate taxation. It further says that the assumption that if the proposed legal tender paper money is made convertible at the pleasure of the holders into 6 per cent government bonds there can be no danger of excessive inflation is contrary to all probability. Mr. Ewing thinks the issue of more paper would reduce the rates of interest charged by the money lenders to such an extent that investments in 3 per cent bonds would be the best that could be made—that is, he thinks inflation would stop itself. How he can think any such thing, knowing as he evidently does, that inflation expands general prices, is a mystery we cannot penetrate. He must know that expanding prices stimulates speculation and creates a strong demand for money for speculative purposes and therefore always forces up the rates of interest. By adopting Mr. Ewing's plans, and issuing enough new legal tender to pay off the 5-20's impetus would be given to speculation, which would rapidly bring to an end the case which has so long characterized the money market and produces a stringency which would double the present rates of interest in a month, that is, provided the enormous issue proposed should not destroy all confidence in the country and render it wholly worthless. Every addition to the volume would heighten the effort and stimulate the demand. From the history of the French assignals and Confederate currency we may learn that the experiment would end in a grand explosion involving the country in ruin. The Democracy of the United States are too familiar with history of this sort of financial empiricism in Europe and this country, and they are too well acquainted with the nature and laws of the country, to assist in consummating any such crazy and destructive monetary scheme as that which has found so warm and artful an advocate in Gen. Thomas Ewing. They were not such hopeless lunatics as to think of getting out of debt by creating a perpetual debt, or of restoring specie payment by issuing irredeemable paper in unlimited quantities, and banishing specie forever from the country.

A Band of Ku-Klux Captured in North Carolina.

From the Washington Chronicle.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 12.—The city of Raleigh was thrown into a wild state of excitement, yesterday, on the arrival of the Western train, when the fact became known that Assistant United States Marshal J. G. Hester and Mr. Keith had in limbo a band of disguised Ku-Klux, captured by them the night previous in Moore county. The Marshals had in charge, and marshaled through Fayetteville street, about a dozen white men, five of whom were in full uniform. The disguise, which was of the most frightful and ludicrous character, was made of black glazed cambric, lace covered with same, with holes in the mouth and eyes, touched off with a white substance. The hat, made of light material, is cone shaped, and about 36 inches in hight. These men were marched up to United States Commissioner Shaffe's office, where an examination was waived.

The *Carolina Era* gives the following account of the capture of the band:

Deputy Marshal Hester and Deputy Keith arrived at Swann's Station Wednesday 3d, at 12 o'clock, as tobacco peddlers. They met a man by the name of John Gaster, who hailed them and asked, "What the news was?" He was asked what kind of news he wished to hear, and he replied, "Convention news." He approached Keith and gave him the Ku Klux grip, which was returned. The Marshal and his Deputy were at once taken into confidence. Gaster was confident they were Ku Klux and whenever their loyalty to the Klan was questioned, he vouched for them. Gaster told Keith he had helped to send many a negro to hell before election, and that as soon as the excitement was over he intended to send as many more. On the Saturday preceding their arrival a meeting of the Klan at Jonesboro had passed sentence upon a colored man and a white man; the white man was to be hung until he was dead, and the colored man was to be whipped. Owing to the arrival of a squad of U. S. soldiers in the neighborhood on the night appointed for the raid, it was postponed until last night when the Klan was to meet at the Marshal's wagon and uniform themselves for the raid. The man who kept the uniforms was in this city, trying to give bail for a former offense. During his absence the uniforms were removed from this house to the house of Murk. McKinney. A man was sent to this house, and the disguises, ten in number, obtained. The party assembled at the wagon, and were at once arrested by the Marshal.

The following are the names of the men arrested: William W. Wicker, Jesse B. yan, J. W. Gaster, William J. Bryan, R. N. Bryan, and D. McIver, all of Moore county. Bryan and Wicker, who are charged with the murder of Markerson McLane, were committed to jail to await an examination, which is postponed two weeks for want of witnesses. The other four were allowed to give bail in the sum of $2,000 each for their appearance at the September term of the United States Circuit Court. John Gaster turns State evidence, and his developments will reveal a state of affairs which will startle the public, and implicate parties little suspected.

After he had built the Dutch church one of his old neighbors was inquiring of Daniel his experience about special providences. "Believe in special providence? of course I do," said Daniel. "Why, when I subscribed $10,000 for the church, I had no idea where the money was coming from, but Providence was with me. I went down to Wall street, got in with some of those New York smart fellows, and in less than six months I had skinned them out of $10,000 as slick as a whistle."

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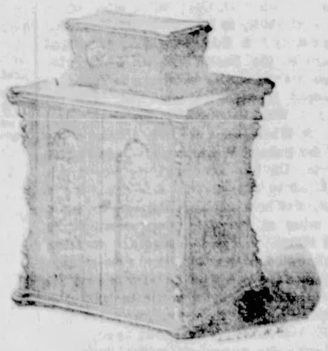

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This is the latest and most practical Sewing Machine before the public. Its simplicity is its great merit. It cannot sew wrong. Combining all the advantages of the intricate and complicated double thread machines, with the simplicity, ease of operation and lightness of running of the single thread Toys; it has also the greater advantages of economy and durability, and is comprehended by the most inexperienced in a few minutes' time, unlike others that take weeks or months to understand, nor require one or two machinists to keep them in repair. This simple and economical machine makes the
Best Stitch for Family Sewing,
the same on the surface, perfectly embedded in the fabric, and being an elasticity peculiarly its own, making it
THE MOST DESIRABLE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE IN THE WORLD!
THE HIGHEST PREMIUMS HAVE BEEN AWARDED AT DIFFERENT STATE AND COUNTY FAIRS.
It Possesses the Advantages of all the First-Class Machines, and Claims Results Unequaled by any Other.
Making the Unparalleled Elastic "Double Lock" Stitch Direct from the spool, without Shuttle or Bobbin.
It has no Compeer in the Market for Family Sewing, Manufacturing and Machine Work.
This Machine will HEM, FELL, TUCK, BRAID, QUILT, CORD, BIND, RUFFLE and HEM-STITCH.
Will work equally well on all grades of goods, Light or Heavy. Lace, Quilts, Curtains, Window Shades, Umbrellas, Leather, Buckskin and India Rubber Cloth, with silk or silk, cotton, linen thread, flax or worsted.
It Needs Only to be Seen to be Admired and Used to be Appreciated!
Agents Wanted in Every County in the United States!
For Samples of Work or for Agencies, Address
Manhattan Sewing Machine Co.
at either of the following Addresses:
845 Broadway, New York.
52 Madison Street, Toledo, Ohio.
Cor. High and Spring Streets, Columbus, Ohio.
160 Main Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Book for the Million.
MARRIAGE GUIDE.
A Private Counsel to the Married (those about to marry) on the physiology, mysteries and revelations of the sexual system, with the latest discoveries in the science of life, love and generation, preserving and preventing offspring, preserving the complexion, &c.
There is information worth ten times the price of the book (many times over) for every man, woman and child. Sent to any address, secure from observation, on receipt of 25 cents. Address PUBLISHING HOUSE, 129 Sixth Avenue, New York.

THE ERADICATOR!
AN UNFAILING REMEDY for Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Scurvy, or any form of Syphilis. Address Lock Box 159, Toledo, Ohio. No letter answered unless accompanied by a three cent post stamp. Reference given, honorably assuming professional and social responsibility. This form of advertisement is adopted, merely to escape the interception of professional interference.

Every Farmer
should send $1.50 for O'HARA'S POCKET COW SPELLER. Shows 3 figures per cow, weight and 10 months. A good Agent wanted in every County. Profits large. Send $1.50 for sample. Address C. O'HARA & SICKLES, 141 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O.

NO PAY UNTIL CURED!
DR. CHURCHILL, of Toledo, Ohio, will guarantee to cure any case of Chronic Disease in the Urinary Organs, Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Gravel, Stricture, Diseases of the Rectum, Piles, Fistula, Ulcers, Syphilis, Gleet, Diseases of the Skin, Blood Poisons, Female Weakness, Irregularities, Suppressions, Leucorrhœa, Sterility, Abortion, Miscarriage, Change of Life, Nervousness, Debility, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Fits, Paralysis, Deafness, Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, Bronchitis, Throat Diseases, Heart Disease, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tumors, Cancers, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Ringworm, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurvy, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle will convince the most incredulous of their curative powers.
Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system are effectually destroyed and removed. For full particulars, get our circular. Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Send for circular. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines. H. H. McKINNON & CO., Proprietors, 8 and 10 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal., and 34 Commerce St., N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.
$250 a Month easily made with Stencil Dies. Samples, FREE. S. M. SPENCER, Brattleboro, Vt. jn8—26-6mos*
$375 A MONTH—Horse and outfit furnished. Address, NOVELTY CO., Saco, Maine. sp30w1-7 75
WANTED—A reliable business man as agent, in every county in the United States. Business honorable, and highly lucrative. Address G. BALDWIN, Monroe City, Mich. aug17-2m*
NEW THING For a three cent stamp I will send one pack of Egyptian Fortune Cards, post paid. Address W. G. KIRKMAN, Gilson, Ill. aug17-2m*
WANTED—Everybody to send for a specimen copy of the new paper "THE FAMILY CASKET," free. Address J. HENRY SYMONDS, box 57, Boston, Mass. aug17w2w 6 (2)
$2,000. AGENTS wanted everywhere to sell The Triumph Washing Machine & Wringers, also rights for sale. ISAAC ELY & CO., No. 80 Elm St., Buffalo, N. Y. aug17w2w*13
O'Hara's 10 Oz COIN SHELLER Check per hour. Price $1.50. Sample $1.00 aug17w1w—71
Agents wanted. C. E. OTIS Hillsboro, O. Address as this Paper. Very pretty. Sample 25 cts.
O'Hara's Victory Shoe Tie Never becomes untied Sample 25 cts. 3
AGENTS WANTED—We desire to leave one of our Lock Stitch Sewing Machines in every town as an advertisement. A special offer. Address, with stamp, UNION SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE CO., Philadelphia, Pa. aug20w1w* 64* (10)
A RARE CHANCE FOR AGENTS! Agents, we will pay you $10 per Week in Cash, if you will engage with us at once. Everything furnished and expenses paid. Address F. A. ELLIS & CO., Charlotte, Michigan. aug19w 3w 61 (10)

Agents! Read This
WE WILL PAY AGENTS A salary of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission to sell our new and wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. feb25w36-192
WANTED—AGENTS, $75 per day, to sell the celebrated HOME SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE. Has the under feed, makes the "lock stitch" (alike on both sides), and is fully licensed. The best and cheapest family Sewing Machine in the market. Address JOHNSON CLARK & CO., Boston, Mass., Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo. s p29w1 73
$160 A MONTH! EMPLOYMENT! EXTRA INDUCEMENTS! A premium HORSE and WAGON for Agents. We desire to employ Agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $20 00 Schuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low priced, licensed machine in the world. W. A. ANDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St. Louis, Mo. jan19-1y-64
AGENTS WANTED!—For the brilliant, witty book THE MIMIC WORLD, AND PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS. By OLIVER LOGAN. Praises everybody; will sell immensely; is genial, jaunty, and pure-toned; has Title in 6 colors, and 19 Illustrations. Nothing like it! Canvassing book a rare beauty. NEW WORLD PUBLISHING CO., West Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio. aug10-6t-58
Agents Wanted FOR THE Transmission of Life,
Comprising the Nature and Hygiene of the Masculine Function. A new book out due to the MARVELS by Dr. E. B. NAPHEYS, author of "The Physician's Life" at Home. This work is thoroughly practical and is intended for self help in terms commonly used, and declares yet plain and outspoken. Sold by subscription only. Price Two Dollars. Address for descriptive circulars with Comments and Testimonials, H. H. NATT & CO., Publishers, Cincinnati, O. aug19w4m 68
WANTED—AGENTS—To sell our new religious work, The Land of Sacred Mystery. The most useful and popular religious work ever published. Containing outlines of a perfect man character. It is highly recommended by clergymen and the religious press of every denomination. Largest commissions given, and extra inducements offered. Experienced agents, ladies and clergymen will find this a very desirable book to sell. Early applicants secure choice of territory. For circulars, &c., address QUAKER CITY PUBLISHING CO., Cincinnati, O. ap20 1w84
"GARNERED SHEAVES," A rare and elegant Illustrated Work, by Albert D. Richardson. Travels, Adventure, Miscellaneous, etc. The choicest of his fine literary productions; with a Biographical Sketch of the author, and a splendid Portrait, on steel. Edited by Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson. A Fascinating, Valuable and very Saleable Book. Agents Wanted. LARGE COMMISSION AND EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY GIVEN. For Descriptive Circulars and Terms, address the Publisher, W. F. BLISS, Toledo, O.
POPERY THE FOE OF THE CHURCH AND REPUBLIC. What it has done. What it is doing and what it means to do. Its power. Its despotism. Its inevitability. Its frauds. Its relics. Its miracles. Its idolatry. Its perpetual conflict with the spirit of our public schools and of civil and religious liberty. Its startling crimes. J. S. NEW YORK. 6 VOLS. A book that is wanted everywhere. We want agents to introduce it in every county at once, and will pay them liberally. Send for circular. Address ZIEGLER & McCURDY, Northwest, Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Louis, Mo.; Springfield, Mass., or Philadelphia, Pa. aug10w1w 61 (5)
BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, ILL. 20th YEAR! 500 ACRES! 12 GREEN HOUSES! Largest Assortment. Best Stock. Low Prices. Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Bulbs, Seeds, Stocks, Grafts, &c. 100 Page Illustrated Catalogue, 10 Cents. Bulb Price List, free. Send for one. Before buying elsewhere. P. K. PHŒNIX, Bloomington, Illinois. aug3 w13t-61
ANCHOR LINE STEAMERS. SAIL EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, FROM NEW YORK AND GLASGOW. Calling at Londonderry to land Mails and Passengers. The Steamers of this favorite line are built expressly for the Cabin Passenger Trade, and fitted up in every respect with all the modern improvements, so as to render the safety, comfort and convenience unsurpassed. Passage Rates payable in Currency. TO GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL AND LONDONDERRY. FIRST CABIN, $65 and $75 according to location. Cabin Return Tickets, $130. Intermediate, $33. Steerage, $28. Further reduction for Children. Drafts for any amount can be purchased from the Company for further particulars apply to HENDERSON BROTHERS, Thirty Broadway, N. Y. or DUNCAN ALLEN, 120 Kinzie St., Chicago. jan5w52-1
Anti-Psychomancy.
Every Farmer should send $1.50 for O'HARA'S POCKET COW SPELLER. Shows 3 figures per cow, weight and 10 months. A good Agent wanted in every County. Profits large. Send $1.50 for sample. Address C. O'HARA & SICKLES, 141 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, O.
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DR. J. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS.

Vinegar Bitters. Medicines have been universally lauded as the most wonderful curative agents in the world. They are not a vile, fancy drink, made of poor rum, whiskey, proof spirits and refuse liquors, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all alcoholic stimulants. They are the great blood purifier and a perfect Renovator of the system. No person can take these Bitters according to directions and remain long unwell, if their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair. They are a Gentle Purgative and Tonic, as well as an Appetizer, giving new life and vigor to the whole system. They relieve Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and other internal organs, in Bilious Diseases. For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal.
For Inflammatory and Chronic Rhe

To Correspondents.

Questions in regard to insurance companies will be answered in the Insurance Department. Questions on agricultural topics will be answered in the Agricultural Department; and general questions in this department. Owing to the great number of letters received, and to the fact that to answer such a number and such a variety of questions correctly, much time is required, delay is unavoidable. In this all questioners must be as patient as the editor.

G. L., Wappelo county, Ind., writes: "A. is the authorized agent for a patent bee-hive; he sells to B. and C. a farm right. D. is a mechanic. Now can B. sell a hive with a swarm of bees in it to E. and E. use it without buying the right, or can they prosecute D. for making and selling hives to men that have bought the right?"—B. cannot sell the hive to E., nor can E. use it without purchasing the right. D. in manufacturing the hives and selling them to those who have the right to manufacture is performing simply the duty of an agent; in fact acting under the direction of those who hold the right to manufacture and he cannot be prosecuted.

D. B. Stanley, Maine Prairie, Ill.—The firm referred to, at the time it was endorsed by the Blade, was one of the most reliable in Chicago. The house is still considered a good one by business men in Chicago. The fact that the firm failed does not indicate that the men were rascals. They simply deserve the same treatment given to other business men who are unfortunate. Their affairs will be settled as is usual in such cases, the law looking after the interests of the creditors.

Mrs. S. W. B., Onoville, New York, asks:—"Did the darkness of May 19, 1780, cover the whole earth or only that part called New England?"—The darkness was not general.

M. M. Pate, Sandoval, Ill., asks: "Where can I get a churn thermometer? What is the difference between a churn and a weather thermometer? What is the cost of the former?"—At most any drug store. There is not necessarily any material difference between the two. A churn thermometer is less elaborately finished than the other, and so arranged that it can be conveniently inserted in the churn and attached or not as is desirable. They cost from 75 cents to $1.50.

Richard Fuller, Grand Rapids, Mich.—We can give you no definite information as to the Michigan Nebraska Colony. Perhaps some of our readers can.

A Subscriber's Son, Frankfort, Ohio, asks: "1. What is meant by the word 'selah' in the Psalms of David? 2. Who were Charles Martel and Gustavus Adolphus, and what had they to do with putting down Mohammedanism and the wars against the Moors?"—1. We can only give you the common explanation in regard to "selah." The word comes from the Hebrew *salah*, to be silent, and the word as used in the Psalms is supposed to signify silence or a pause in the song. 2. Gustavus Adolphus, surnamed The Great, was one of the most distinguished of the Kings of Sweden. He was born in Stockholm Dec. 9, 1594, and was killed at the battle of Lutzen Nov. 16, 1632. He was the great champion of Protestantism and one of the most successful soldiers of that age, but he had nothing to do with Mohammedanism. His great struggles were with Russia and Austria. Charles Martel, duke of Austrasia and mayor of the palace of the French Kings, the natural son of Pepin of Heristal by his mistress, Alphaida, was born in 689 and died in 741. He became a famous soldier, and when the Moslems, after the conquest of Spain, crossed the Pyrenees to conquer Gaul, Charles Martel met them at Poitiers, at the head of his Frankish and German warriors. On the third of October, 732, a decisive battle was fought, and the Mohammedans were utterly routed. Charles' troops stood firm as ramparts, and Charles was himself the most vigorous against Moslem foes. This checked the power of the Mohammedans in Western Europe, and Charles finally drove them from Gaul. At this battle he was given the surname "Martel" (the hammer), of the Moslems.

Richfield, Adams county, Ill., asks: "1. Who was Marco Polo? 2. Who was Don Quixote? 3. Sancho Panza. How are the last two names pronounced?"—Marco Polo was a Venitian traveler, born in 1250, died about 1324. He visited China and many of the Eastern nations, spending over twenty years in his travels. He wrote an account of his travels and adventures, which was finished in 1298. 2. Don Quixote is the title of the greatest work of Cervantes, the Spanish author. Don Quixote is the hero of the story and Sancho Panza is his attendant. The book was published at Madrid in 1605 and was successful beyond precedent. There are two methods of pronouncing Don Quixote. The Spanish say Don Ke-ho-ta, nearly. Webster recognizes the word as it is anglicized and pronounces it as spelled, Don Quixot, accent on "Quix." And from this comes Quixotic. Sancho Panza is pronounced as spelled, giving the "ch" before "o" the sound of "k." You will find "Don Quixote" at nearly any book store. Your questions as to the population of cities are answered in the table given in the Weekly of August 10.

H. E. Wells, Martins Ferry, Ohio—We regret that we cannot give you definite information in the subjects mentioned. Such questions cannot be answered only on hearsay, and we prefer not to do this. For information about Kansas, read Dr. Miller's letters. The Toledo, Wabash and Western R. R and other roads offer reduced rates of fare to persons going west to purchase land &c.

G. S. U. Decatur Ill.,—We cannot publish old songs that have no special interest. The selections you name are not comeatible and they possess no interest to the people at large.

M. Lewis Georgetown Ill.—Letter received and paper sent as requested.

Carey Walker, Jay Co, Ind.—For reasons given above we cannot publish the old song. It isn't the mission of News papers do this kind of a thing. We would be as willing to oblige you, as any one, but remember every one of our 80,000 resders might make the same kind of a request. What then?

C. W. Taylor, Carlisle, N. Y., desires to know the whereabouts of Geo. Mulford, who in 1865 removed to Sioux City.

W. S., Dudley.—The firm inquired after, we know but little about. We advise you not to invest. It is useless to ask us to answer "next week," because your letter may be weeks in reaching this Department.

F. P. Rogers, Colebrook, N. H.—The Weekly for June 15, 1871, is out of print and cannot be furnished from this office.

Jane Harrison, Harrison's Mills, asks:—"What has become of Eastman & Kendall, Boston?"—Mr. Eastman is now in Troy, N. Y.

C. D. Waters, Stratford, N. H.—We have no means of ascertaining the name of the steamer. Your statement is not definite enough.

I Subscriber, Atlantic, Iowa.—We cannot give you the name of any physician.—A man must choose his own physician. Any good physician, if medicine can help you, can do you much good. Seek some one in whom people have confidence and submit to his treatment. You will make nothing by running after names. We have little faith in any agency for an invalid. Light work on the farm would be better in every way than any agency work you could do, because, arrange as you may, the agency business has its vexations that would be very annoying to a nervous man. Sorry we can't help you. If you desire a book agency, write to J. N. Richardson, No. 68 Corn hill street, Boston.

E. J., Clinton, Ind.—The *Nursery* is published at Boston, Mass. We cannot advertise the Nurserymen for less than usual advertising rates. Never trust too much in big talkers.

D. S., Oswego, Kansas, writes: "In the sentence 'I have had ten years' experience in the printing business,' should the apostrophe be used before the 's', after the 's', or not at all? Does the Lutheran Church hold the doctrine of transubstantiation, or con-substantiation?"—If used at all, the apostrophe should be after the "s." In newspapers it is a common custom to omit the apostrophe. This would not be recognized outside of daily newspaper rules, perhaps. 2. The Lutherans deny both, or neglect both.

C. Wade, Fairview, Ky.—School exhibitions, properly conducted, we consider advantageous. If we had to choose between a regularly located physician and a traveling one, we would take the former.

A. P. Finch.—We cannot re-publish old poems or extracts. This is contrary to all newspaper rule. In addition, we may say that we know nothing about the ballad you speak of, don't know where to find it, and perhaps might spend days in looking it up when we ought to be answering questions.

George Cowling, Clyde, Ohio.—They are enlisting men for the Regular army, and there is a recruiting office in Toledo.

Student.—It will occur to you that your questions are not questions, as the word question is used in this column. Books are published and volumes written in discussing the points you mention. It would seem ridiculous for any writer to pretend to settle the questions in a newspaper article, much less in the space given in this column. Our decision would simply be a citation of authorities. You, no doubt, have these at hand, and if you have given the subject as much thought as your letter indicates you will see that our position is correct, and that we must rule abstruse decisions out of this column.

Western Hunter, writes:—"A note of, say $400, payable one day after date, interest 6 per cent. would make $24 interest for first year. Now what I want to know is, could this $24, if not paid at the expiration of the year, be added to the $400 and interest computed on the whole for the second year?"—Not unless it was specially agreed that the note should bear compound interest. The common law of interest is, that no man shall pay interest on interest. That is, interest must be calculated on the face of the note every time.

Subscriber, Union, Iowa, writes:—"Is it proper, or would it be according to rules established, to say in a meeting where there was a President or Chairman to be chosen 'I nominate Mr. A. for chairman of this meeting?' then some one says, 'I second the motion,' whereupon it is put to vote by the then President, by his saying, 'All in favor of Mr. A. acting as our next chairman, signify,' the same by saying aye,' &c. Now, I don't care about the precise wording. My question is, will the formula I have given stand, when criticised by the standard of parliamentary rule or usage? I have a dispute upon this, and am unable to quote any authority."—Your formula is substantially correct. The man who calls the meeting to order, generally makes the nomination for chairman. He does not say "next chairman." When the motion is seconded, he puts the motion, and those in favor respond "aye"—that is "yes."

John H. Walters, West Independence, Ohio, writes: "Please inform me if a soldier that has been honorably discharged is entitled to a pension from the time he is discharged, if he does not apply until five years afterwards or not? Some say that if a person does not apply until after the time mentioned he will draw only from the time the evidence is sufficient to grant him a pension." "Invalid pensioners receive pensions from the date of their discharge from the military service provided application therefor is made within five (5) years from the date of discharge. Pensioners who do not make application within five years from date of discharge receive pension from the date of filing of last proof essential to establishment of claims."—See Sec. 6, Act 27, July, 1868.

Harvey Smith, Pittsburgh, Indiana, asks: "What is the highest amount drawn as pension by a Captain or Colonel or any commissioned officer?"—The act of July 14, 1862, provided that the pension for total disability of Lieutenant, Colonel and all officers of higher rank should be $30 per month; Major $25 per month; Captain $20 per month; First Lieutenant $17 per month; Second Lieutenant $15 per month; and non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates $8 per month. Pensions in the Naval service range about the same.

The law of July 14, 1864, provides that all persons who under the law of 1862 would be entitled to a pension of less than $20 or $25, who shall have lost both feet in the military service of the United States and in line of duty, shall be entitled to a pension of $20 per month; and those who, under the same conditions, have lost both hands or both eyes, shall be entitled to $25 per month. This amendment makes no difference on account of rank.

R. asks:—"Where did the Colorado potato-bug come from?"—The Colorado potato-bug is a native of the Rocky Mountains, where it fed upon a wild species of potato peculiar to that region—When civilization reached the mountains and potatoes began to be grown there, the beetle left the wild potato for the cultivated, and moved eastward from potato patch to potato patch. In 1859, it had reached a point 100 miles west of Omaha; in 1861 it invaded Iowa; in 1865 it crossed the Mississippi and commenced work in Western Illinois. In 1866 it had occupied the northwest portion of Illinois. And so on eastward, entomologists watching its progress as carefully as astronomers would some new planet, and calculating its rate of forward movement. They told us that in 1871 the bug would over run Ohio, and it did. The old rate of progress eastward was about 50 miles per year. The bug does not leave a locality like the grass hoppers, but occupies the country as it goes, sending also, detachments to occupy new ground.

C. Crosswhite, Marshfield:—It is a part of the business of a newspaper to insert advertisements, just as a farmer raises corn and sells it. All newspaper editors give due notice that an advertisement must be accepted on its own merits, the editor having nothing to do with it. This has been repeated so often that it should be as well understood as the rules of arithmetic. A man has something to sell. He announces this to the people of the country through the papers. If the people want to buy they write to him or go to him. He does not compel them to do this. They choose to do it. This is legitimate business. If you had a new kind of potato to sell, you, as a shrewd business man, would announce the fact, and in such a way as to have people buy. Your remarks on insurance are not philosophical. Insurance is universally acknowledged to be a good thing, and if you do not think so, you are in the minority, and must be content to let your neighbors do as they please.

P., Shelburne, Mo., asks:—"An individual being elected to Congress, does that give him the right to frank his mail as long as he lives? If, after his term expires, and that right ceases, and he still continues to use it, what, if any, is the time?"—The franking privilege does not extend to ex-members of Congress. He cannot take advantage of the privilege or use the frank after he ceases to be a member of Congress, because the Post Master would not forward letters or packages franked, to their address. The letters would be held for postage, returned to ex-members or sent to the dead letter office in case he could not be found. There is no fine for violating the law, because if the Postmaster understands his business he cannot violate it.

Questioner asks:—"What is meant by "Old Government" Coffee, and is it better than other grades?"—"Old Government" Coffee does not appear in the regular market reports. As we understand the matter, (and we are free to say that this explanation is not based on any authority other than our own knowledge,) the term "Old Government" was applied to coffee that was thrown on the market at the close of the war by the Government. As is well known the U. S. Government during the war made immense purchases of an excellent brand of coffee for use of the army. At the close of the war a great amount of this was left in the Commissary Department and this was disposed of. It was known that the coffee used by the army was first quality, and so the term "Old Government" was used to designate this coffee, which had a ready sale. We are not aware that the term had been used of late years.

H. M. L.—A book agent is not required to take out a license.

Clay, Chester, Illinois, asks:—"1. Where can I get a good work on Chemistry, containing practical experiments, and what would be the probable cost? 2. Can Dick's works be purchased, and where? 3. Where can I get the life and speeches of Webster or Clay? 4. What do you think of my penmanship?"—Youman's Chemistry will cost $1 75; Porter's "Principles of Chemistry," $2. 2. Dick's works in two large octavo vols, sheep, cost $7. 3. Curtis' Life of Webster can be purchased for $10, $12 or $14, according to style of binding. All of these books can be ordered from S. Bailey & Eager, Toledo, Ohio. 4 Your writing is smooth but school boyish. Practice, with more freedom and less inclination to flourish will make it first-class.

A. H., Cherry Grove, writes: 1st. I have one half interest in a good and reliable Patent Medicine. Patent granted June 10th, 1871. In what way should we proceed to make the most money out of it, by putting it out on commission or selling territory? 2nd. Would we have to pay a license in each county to get to sell or not? we being the patentees. 3d. Should each package or parcel be stamped? 4th. I have two other medicines that are not patented, can I sell these without a license? 5th. Give me the cheapest way in which I can get these medicines introduced, and what amount of money you think it will take take to start the business.—1. We cannot advise you. We are not engaged in the business, have no practical knowledge of it, and therefore our advice would not be very valuable. In business affairs every man must "stand on his own platform." 2. You will not have to pay any revenue license but in cities, the municipal law would govern. 3. Every package should be stamped. The medicines that are not patented will come under the head of proprietary medicines, and will be subject to the same rules as the others. 4. As in the other case, you will not have to pay revenue license. 5. This question is like the first, and we answer in the same way, remarking in addition, that you should advertise freely and create an excitement, &c.

Subscriber, Knox county, Ill., writes: "1. I enlisted December 1st, 1861; was discharged by reason of disability in July, 1862. Am I entitled to any bounty? 2. How many miles of railroad are there in the United States? 3. By what governments was the independence of Texas acknowledged prior to its admission into the Union? 4. What is Queen Victoria's individual name? 5. Where can I obtain a history of the life of the Duke of Wellington?"—1. Statement indefinite. On this statement we would say, not entitled to any bounty. 2. There were in 1868, (date of last official statement at hand) 36,992 miles of railroad in operation in the United States. 3. The independence of Texas was acknowledged by the United States, England, France and Belgium. 4. Victoria is of the house of Hanover, founded by the Guelphs. Her "individual" name is Victoria, with her title attached, because she is not known by any other. They don't name sovereigns or the children of sovereigns just as we name people in this country. 5. Write to T. J. Brown, Toledo.

Subscriber, Sextonville, Wis., asks what he must do to become a good conversationalist.—The best plan is to talk with people who are good talkers. To read up on current topics, so that you may have something to talk about. You cannot talk by rule. Rules cannot make you a good talker, but practice with good conversationalists may do so. Observe the rules of society always; inform yourself on whatever people talk about; accustom yourself to a quiet expression of your views, and you will be a conversationalist before you are aware of the fact.

Insurance Department

Answers to Anxious Inquirers.

J. V. B., Grand Blanc.—The life company about which you inquire is a regularly chartered and reasonably substantial institution. Its affairs were subjected to examination by the Superintendent of the New York Insurance Department a few months ago, and the company pronounced sound. It is understood that the stockholders came forward and put in some thousands of additional capital to meet the requirements of the department. The company is energetically managed, and is doing a fair business. Should consider its policies trustworthy, now.

W. H. T., East Line, N. Y.—We have no confidence in the company you mention. It has just enough capital to pass muster at the several State departments, but its plan is unsound and delusive, and its management is of a sort which is often open to a charge of false pretences. Like a good many other insurance projects hailing from the same city, the concern is in the hands of a set of promoters whose evident intention is to promote their own personal interest. No life company founded on the co-operative heresy has ever succeeded, and none ever can, in the very nature of things.

J. T., Brushvalley, Ind. Co., Pa. The company you name is perfectly trustworthy. Keep up your policy, even if you have to borrow money to meet the premiums. As yet, the policy has no surrender value, having run so short a time; but by keeping it up you will add to your own comfort, and provide against possible poverty for your family. If it was your duty to insure at all, it is just as much your duty to go through with your part of the contract to the end.

A Subscriber, Knightstown, Ind. It is a respectable Company; has more than $1,500,000 of assets; is prudently managed and stands well at home; which last is more than all life companies can claim. You have no reason for anxiety.

R. H. R, Hamburg, Iowa. Both of the Companies you name are rated solvent. The assets of one of them may be somewhat swollen by the large stock of premium notes it holds; but we presume there is enough "very hard cash" on hand to guaranty the fulfilment of contracts.

S. B. P., Quincy, Ills. Can't speak very encouragingly of the company referred to. Its noise and pretensions are out of all proportion to either its finances or its business. Write to the company for a statement of its condition and be guided by your judgment, after a careful scrutiny of the figures. We dislike to advise the dropping of a policy; but, so long as you can be INSURED in an undoubted company, what is the sense of paying money merely to be kept in a state of suspense and suspicion? You are not the only person who could probably study out an answer to this little conundrum!

Reader of the Blade, Cicero. The company has a legal character and does a large business *away from home*. For a company claiming to be a *farmers'* institution, it looks odd that, out of $70,000,000 at risk, only a little over $2,000,000 (or one thirty-fifth) should be upon property in its own county. Its last annual statement, however, had a healthier appearance than usual, and we think its policies are safe.

"The progress of life insurance in Wisconsin is illustrated by the following table, showing the amount of premiums received and losses paid in that State by companies of other States, since the year 1867, as reported to this office:

Year.	No. of Co's.	Premiums received.	Paid for Losses.
1865,	12 companies,	$345,717	$ 69,871
1866,	21 do	531,453	79,918
1867,	32 do	815,429	179,252
1868,	25 do	902,264	161,826
1869,	36 do	982,455	220,634
1870,	35 do	960,130	190,868
		$4,570,437	$910,361

The latest phase in the miserable history of the Lamar, of Chicago, is that Gen. Geo. W. Smith, late State Treasurer of Illinois, has been appointed receiver of the Company, upon petition of the country stockholders. The fact was that the *city* stockholders were so busy looking out for themselves that they forgot all about their poor country stockholders. Funny, wasn't it?

J. B. A. Lone Tree, Nebraska.—We want to speak well of our own corporations, but the one you mention is a young company, neither progressively nor economically managed, and after a three years' struggle has only assets enough to equal the capital it started with. It could reinsure its risks and retire from business with some propriety; but, unless some new energy is exhibited in its management, and enough ambition felt by its officers to cease dragging along at the tail of all the Ohio companies of its class, there will come a time of grief for all parties interested. There are enough sound companies to make it entirely unnecessary for people to invest their money in eternal doubts and fears.

It is reported that the Lycoming Mutual of Muncy, Pa., which has been spreading a network of agencies all over the country for the past two years, has begun to take up its traps and turn back to its little country home again. Numerous agencies throughout New England and the West have been closed lately, with every prospect of a continuance of that policy. People are beginning to find out that a company claiming $6,000,000 of assets, when nineteen-twentieths of the whole consists of worthless premium notes, can hardly supply good anchorage ground for confidence.

The Commercial Fire, of Chicago, is withdrawing its agencies. The experiment proved unprofitable, and as the Company has made a fizzle now, both at home and abroad, the outlook is dim and misty.

"No matter what may be the object of your solicitude, be insured. Whether you are thinking of the safety of your life by land, or by railway or by sea, or of the unbroken condition of your arms or legs, or of the maintenance of general health, or of comfort or competence in your old age, or of the interests of wife and children when you may be no more, or of a provision for your boy when he reaches mature age, or of the happy marriage and the wedding portion of your little daughter, one day to be, you hope a happy bride, now a tiny prattling fairy of two or three years—never mind the subject matter—be insured!" —*Dickens.*

Isn't it about time for the usual periodical rumor that the Franklin Life, of Indianapolis, has reinsured its risks and gone out of business?

The Kansas City Fire and Marine has finally succumbed to circumstances and languished out of life.

It is reported that a New York Life Insurance Company owns the controlling interest in a paper published in Cincinnati. The fact is also notorious, we presume, that one of the monthly insurance publications in New York was established, and is still "bossed," by a fire company. This arrangement supplies a sort of Club wherewith to scare off critics and punish rivals—a Home guard, so to speak.

A Cincinnati paper devotes three columns to the Home Mutual Life, of that city, and, in spite of Auditor Godman's recent certification that he is "satisfied it is safe, sound and solvent," comes to the conclusion that the Company is in a hopeless condition and ought to reinsure its risks while able to do so. Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

A gay deceiver, named De Coene, has been victimizing life insurance agents in Indiana by offering for sale a set of tables and inducing their purchase by the statement that policies amounting to $400,000 would be taken out with the Company adopting them. In the case of Ward & Co., of Indianapolis, the general agents of the Empire Mutual Life, the swindler seems to have been pretty successful. They advance De Coene money, procured the adoption of the tables by their Company and received 164 applications for insurance—from persons who never having been alive, of course, were not likely to want insurance on what they did not happen to have. The swindler was arrested at Lima, in this State, where he was playing his little game again.

A leading religious weekly, which has a large western circulation, has sold one of its columns to a New York Life Company for purposes of puffery. The matter contained in this column, is to be furnished by the company, but fathered by the editor, and thus the public at large and the subscribers of the paper are expected to bring their grist to both mills—that of the company and that of the paper. This pious fraud is perpetrated in consideration of $10,000 a year paid by the company. To our poor eyes, such an arrangement is neither Evangelical nor Independent.

The Republic Fire, of Chicago, is reported to be in a bad way. The trouble about this report is that it isn't news, for the company has had a chronic attack of debility ever since it was born. Every intelligent underwriter in the country has been waiting to hear the Republic's death-rattle for at least three years; and if the last scene is at length ready for exhibition, the number of astonished spectators will be wonderfully small—outside of the poor dupes who have invested their money in the Republic's shares and policies. At that funeral, there won't be a very wet time.

The worshippers of Mr. J. B. Bennett, the well known Cincinnati fire underwriter, have so nursed his pride as to make him believe himself capable of running three insurance companies just as easily and safely as one. Not content with the good luck which the Andes has met with thus far, Mr. Bennett is tempting Providence (and sanguine investors) by calling into existence the Amazon and Triumph Companies, each to have $500,000 capital and to be under the managment of the "master mind" of the Andes. The recent 10 per cent. dividend declared by the Andes, after less then one year's business, is spoken off in some quarters, not only as an unsafe act, but also as being a transparent manœuvre for appreciating the company's stock and so inducing takers for the stock of the two new Companies. Be this as it may, we wouldn't advise these sanguine gentlemen to put too much money with a three-bodied and one-headed enterprise of this sort. It would be a bad business if the *finale* of one company's wonderful early success should be the unfortunate failure of three!

The Standard Life is the latest dead thing in insurance. It died of respectability and retrogression, and has at length stepped back into the grave it had digged for itself. The mourners are few and their faces wear an expression of relief. They remind us of the bands of music returning from a military funeral playing away as if they were no longer under the restraint of keeping up appearances.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

New York, August 19.—A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Paris, says, in regard to the court martial for the trial of Communists, "I was surprised at the want of interest shown by the public. The place was a little more than half full. The Court, prisoners and newspaper reporters all occupied a platform raised some feet above the body of the hall. The men I had seen the day before in their prison negligee I now saw arrayed as for the Boulevards. The one idea evidently dominant in their somewhat unprepossessing countenances was the one so dear to their countrymen generally—that the eyes of Europe were upon them. They struck mock-heroic attitudes and then glanced furtively round to see whether they had produced the desired effect. They laughed and talked for effect, at the moment when the indictments charged them with the heaviest offenses. Ferre was particularly tickled at the stress laid upon his complicity in the murder of hostages, and Assie was rippling over with jokes from the beginning to the end of his act of accusation. Regere, with scrupulously fitting gloves, covering small hands which he affectedly passed through his carefully brushed hair, with the stiffest and white-est of shirt collars, stood for the most part, surveying the audience with a bland and patronizing smile. It seemed a special pleasure to any of them to find a friend in the audience, and to nod to them in an affable and familiar manner, as though to reassure him, and then laugh perhaps because the friend showed some confusion at the unwelcome recognition. In fact they seemed to regard the whole affair as an elaborate and not a bad practical joke got up expressly for them."

At a recent meeting of the Canadian Union Club it was determined to hold a celebration in this city on the 12th of October next, the anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus for the purpose of showing the gratitude of the Canadian advocates of annexation to the United States for their support of the scheme. It was arranged that a deputation of Canadians living in this city should visit Moses Capineau, the eminent statesman and annexationist of Lower Canada, and request him to open the first mass meeting of colonists ever held in New York or the United States, and to attend the proposed celebration. Prof. Batchellor, President of the Canadian Union Club, leaves this city to-day for Canada to organize, if possible, annexation meetings in the principal towns in Lower Canada.

A Dublin correspondent of the London Times, of the 19th, describing the Dublin riot, says: "Mr. J. Smyth, M. P., was proceeding with his speech, when suddenly there shot in view round the corner of the Wellington monument a considerable body of police, truncheons in hand, who, without uttering a word of warning, notice or expostulation, began to strike mercilessly on all sides. If any impartial inquiry be instituted by Government, I believe it will be found that throughout the period during which so many dreadful wounds were given by the police, no resistance was offered, and none could be offered. No defence was attempted by the people beyond the use of umbrellas in a few cases, to ward off the showering blows of loaded truncheons. Every one in reach was assailed. Newspaper reporters, conservative and liberal, many of them with note-book and pencil in hand, some of them personally well known by the police for years past, as members of the press, were as savagely attacked as any one else. The flying victims were as dexterously tripped in order that while on the ground they might be bludgeoned. A person was quietly walking away alone, when some policemen ran at him, one of them dealt him a fearful kick on the hip which staggered him, and before he could utter a cry, another with a blow of a truncheon felled him to the earth in gouts of blood."

London, August 19.—A dispatch from Gumbinnen, East Prussia, a town 60 miles east of Koenigsburg, says the cholera has appeared in several districts on the German side of the frontier.

Paris, August 18.—The committee to which the motion for the prolongation of Thiers' powers was referred by the Assembly, will probably report next Monday. Debate on the motion will be opened on Tuesday. Counter motions are anticipated from Gambetta and Duke de Broglie. It is believed that the original motion, with some modifications will be carried.

Negotiations for the complete evacuation of France by the Germans are still pending. The journals continue to report outrages committed by the Germans in France. A member of one of the Court Martials at Versailles is reported to have been wounded by a Bavarian while walking in Charenton.

Paris, Aug. 18.—The Patrie says Russia is making great military preparations. The Czar, accompanied by Gen. Lello, the French Ambassador, visited the camp of the 13th army corps at Jsarsko. Prussia is also perfecting her armament and collecting enormous quantities of stores. The Patrie believes that the preparations of the latter government are aimed at Russia.

Versailles, August 18.—Before the court martial to-day Ferrat described the fearful state of anarchy which prevailed under the Commune, and stated that both Cluseret and Lullier sought to obtain a dictatorship. The incendiaries were nearly all foreigners.

Paris, August 19.—The German forces are withdrawing from the neighborhood of the fortifications of North and East Paris.

Versailles, August 19.—In the Assembly, to-day, the Committee on the Army bill made a report recommending its passage. The bill as returned to the Chamber makes military service compulsory, allows no right to procure substitutes, prohibits the soldier from voting at political elections, and dissolves the National Guards throughout the country.

London, August 18.—The famine in Persia is more terrible than previously reported. 27,000 have died in Isacahan alone from starvation and the condition of the province of Mazanderan is still worse. The rice crop is a complete failure and the cattle plague, small-pox, typhus fever and cholera prevail.

Versailles, August 17.—The Election Committee of the Assembly have reached a vote upon the motion made in the Assembly for the prolongation of Thiers' term of office to three years, and stand nine in opposition and six in favor of the proposition.

The Press to-day says the German troops who occupy the eastern departments still treat the inhabitants in the most exasperating manner.

Berlin, August 17.—A dispatch from Suwalke, Poland, says cases of cholera are decreasing. In that town, whose population does not exceed 6,000, about one half of whom are Jews, there have been 443 cases, 83 of which were fatal.

A correspondent writing from Constantinople under date of July 24th, states that there is a probability of war between Egypt and Turkey; that the personal relations of the Khedive of Egypt, and the Sultan of Turkey, are far from being friendly. Sometime ago, a revolt occurred at a Yermin village in Arabia, near the Red Sea, the terminus of the Suez Canal, and to suppress it, 20,000 troops were despatched there, with orders from the Sultan that these troops remain at Yermin; the Viceroy, dreading the hazards of war, seemed unwilling to take steps which may indicate his willingness to accept the gauntlet, thus thrown down by Turkey. The surmise is that Turkey desiring to resist the encroachments o Russia in the East, wishes to offer the Empire of Germany free transit through Egypt, which war might be like y to secure in return for the aid of Germany, might give Turkey in the Indies.

Berlin, August 18.—The cholera has appeared in the neighborhood of Stettin. The disease continues its ravages at Koenigsburg where, on Tuesday, there were 70 new cases and 34 deaths, and on Wednesday 80 new cases, and 27 deaths.

Munich, August 16.—A ministerial crisis is imminent in Paris. It is rumored that the right wing of the Assembly has offered the Presidency of France to Duke d'Aumale, and that he refused.

Berlin, August 16.—The Provincial Correspondence confirms the report that negotiations are pending for a complete evacuation of France, but affirms that the provocations offered Germany by the French newspapers endanger peace between the two countries. It adds that the French offers to make early payment of the indemnity are fulfilled and if there be no untoward disturbance of peaceful relations, the withdrawal of the German forces from French territory will soon commence.

London, Aug. 16.—The deputation of French citizens appointed to visit Ireland and thank the people of that country for the aid given for the relief of the wounded French soldiers during the late war, has arrived. The people are wild with excitement, and the roads leading to the stopping place of the Frenchmen became impassable because of the crowd. On Wednesday night, the city band performers dressed in green, marched to the hotel where the Frenchmen were stopping, and played American, Irish, French and National airs; also some Fenian tunes. There was no interference by the police. The deputation reached the Shelbourne House at three o'clock, and in response to repeated calls of the people, came out on the balcony, when a member of Parliament addressed the crowd. A son of Marshal McMahon also arrived with the deputation and was loudly cheered. His reception was worthy a king. Many houses are illuminated to night. The enthusiasm of the people continues exceedingly great.

In the House of Lords to-day, Lord Chancelor and Viscount Halifax defended in the most vigorous manner, measures which have been passed by the Government at this session of Parliament, especially those providing for the ballot at elections, and for regulation of the army.

Dublin, Aug. 17.—At the banquet given in honor of the French deputation to-night, the Lord Mayor proposed the toast "The Queen," which was received with a storm of hisses lasting several minutes.

Madrid, August 17.—The Spanish government have expressed a desire and the French Cabinet have consented to the extradition of the Communists found on Spanish soil. One of the leaders of the Communists has already been arrested and delivered over to the French authorities.

London, August 21.—The potato blight has developed itself to an alarming extent in Ireland. It is feared that the crop is almost ruined.

The Queen's Speech acknowledges with satisfaction the provision made by Parliament for Princess Louisa and Prince Arthur, and for the liberal supplies granted by the House of Commons.

The announcement is made that the relations of Great Britain with all foreign powers are of a friendly character.

The speech dwells with satisfaction upon the treaty of Washington and hopes for a general recognition of its principles for guiding maritime conduct. Full reliance is placed upon the disposition of the Americans to carry out all the provisions of the treaty. The Queen is anxious to meet the expressed wishes of the French government for the alteration of some of the provisions of the commercial treaty of 1866, but would witness with concern any change restricting the commercial intercourse with the powers.

Efforts for the repression of agrarianism in Westmeath have answered their purpose, while in other parts of Ireland, there is a gratifying immunity from crime.

Campaign of 1871.

THE TOLEDO BLADE

The Gubernatorial Campaign of 1871 will be the most important in its results of any for years. The Democracy hope to carry the States in which elections are to be held this Fall, as a prelude to victory in the Presidential Campaign of '72, hence the importance of

Victory! Thorough and Sweeping.

The legality of the Amendmens, and all the acts of the Party are to be passed upon this Fall.

THE TOLEDO BLADE

Will do all in its power to ensure the Victory this Fall, so necessary as a glorious opening of the decisive Campaign in 1872, and that it may have the widest possible circulation, it will be sent as follows:

Rates to Clubs.

Five Copies, Three Months.....$2.25
Ten Copies, Three Months.....4.00

(With a Copy extra to the sender of the Club.) All above Ten will be sent at the rate of Forty Cents each. We look to Republicans of each School District to raise a Club.

The Nasby Letters

Will be continued during the Campaign, as occasion warrants.

Send all money either by Post Office order or draft, to

MILLER, LOCKE & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.

The Markets.

New York Produce Market.

New York, Aug. 21, 1871.

Cotton firmer; middling uplands 18½c. Flour active and higher receipts, 18,000 bbls superfine Western and State, $4 75@5 20; common to good extra, $5 40@5 75; good to choice, $5 80@6 10; white western extra $6 20@6 90; Ohio extras, $5 50@6 50; St. Louis, $5 05@6 90. Rye Flour firm at $4@5. Corn Meal quiet. Whiskey dull at 94c. Wheat active and higher; receipts 89,000 bu spring, No. 2 at 136@139c; red winter western, 143@147c; amber and Michigan, 147@152c, the latter very choice; white western at 143@155c; large sales of No 2 Spring Chicago, to arrive, 135c; Rye Quiet. Barley dull; new crop, Iowa, 75c. Malt quiet. Corn firm; receipts 145,000 bu Western Mixed, 67@67½c; High Mixed, nearly yellow, 68c. Oats opened firm, but closed dull; receipts 185,000 bushels; Western and Ohio 42@50c. Hay and hops unchanged. Coffee firm; Rio 14@16½c. Sugar steady; fair to good refining 9¾@9¾c; Cuba, 9@9¾c; grocery grades 10@10¾c. Molasses dull and nominal. Rice 8¾@9¾c. Crude petroleum 13¾@13¾c; refined 24¾c. The total stock of grain is—Wheat, 390,000 bushels, Corn, 2,493,000 bush. Oats, 171,000 bush, Rye, 32,000 bush; Malt, 197,000; Peas, 49,000. Provisions. Pork firmer. Mess Pork, $13 43@$13 50; prime, $10 50@$11; prime mess, new, $11; November and December, $13; September, $13 75. Beef dull. Hams, 18@28c. Cut meats, hams, 10@13c, shoulders 5¾@6¾c; middles quiet and steady. Lard—prime steam, 9@9¾c; kettle dried 9¾c. Butter quiet; western, 10@20c; State, 15@30c. Cheese dull, 6@13¾c.

LATEST.

Flour firm; $5 40@5 80 for shipping extras. Wheat active and firm; large demand for forward delivery. Oats dull, 42@49c. Pork quiet. Lard steady; 10c asked for seller Oct. Eggs dull, 16@18.

Government Stock Market.

New York, Aug. 21.

Sterling Exchange 108¾.			
Coupons of '81.....	119	Coup's of '67.....	113¾
do of '62.....	114¾	do of '68.....	114¾
do of '64.....	114	10-40s.....	114¾
do of '65.....	114	Currencies.....	116¾
do new.....	114¾	Gold.....	112¾

Toledo Produce Market.

Tuesday Morning, Aug. 21, 1187.

Flour—We quote a decline of 25@50c per bbl for common grades; Fine $3 25@3 50; superfine $3 75@$4 00; Extra $4 25@4 50; Double extra and Fancy we quote 25c higher at $6 00@7 00. Rye Flour $5 00. The market for wheat has been fluctuating with an improvement during the past few days. Amber 2c higher at 1 28c, No 1 White Michigan 3c better at 129c. White Michigan Extra unchanged at 133c, No 2 White Wabash 2c higher at 131c. No 1 Red 2½c higher at 127½. No 2 Red a shade lower at 123c; No 3 Red 1½c higher at 118½c. Rejected Red 3c better at 105c. Amber is lower at 126c for No 1 and 125c for No 2. Corn has been dull and inactive. We quote to-day High-mixed 1c lower at 52½c. Low-mixed 1c off at 50½c. Yellow 3c lower at 54½c. White 2c better at 57c. No Grade 1c lower at 48c. Oats have been dull and heavy; we quote, No 1 2c lower at 37c, No 2 unchanged at 34c, Michigan 2½c lower at 36½c. Rejected dull at 30c. Rye inactive, No 1 67c, No 2 65c. Seeds dull and nominal, Clover, $5 75 per bush. Timothy $2 50@3. Flax Seed, $1 60@1 75. Butter 17@20c higher at 8@10c for common, 15@16c for fresh keg and 18@20c for choice. Pork quiet at $14 50@15 for light and heavy mess. Hams—sugar cured 13¾c. Lard in kegs, 8½c; in bbls, 9c. Mill Feed $1 00 higher at $15 for bran, $17 for shorts and $27 50@28